

THE  
DARK BLUE.


NOVEMBER, 1872.

GUSTAVUS THE THIRD OF SWEDEN;  
OR,  
THE STORY OF A KING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTINA IN THE HOUSE OF CAPTAIN LILJEHORN.

FROM the little island of Tjörn to Stockholm spread a moral and material distance; life on the island had restrained Christina's ambition, while it fostered her natural vivacity, and independence. The pain to lose her father was drowned in the dim uncertainty of her fate; a glow of romance surrounded that uncertainty, and bore the young girl off into the regions of the 'probable.'

Christina had landed on the shore of the mainland, and had reached Stockholm by easy stages of travelling across country; her out of door existence had so much inured her to the changes of the atmosphere, that no hardship was too great for her. With a certain dignity, she followed the directions of her guide, never allowing fatigue to plead for rest or stoppage.

On a dull, heavy, November day, the two had arrived in Stockholm; Captain Liljehorn met them as the hired vehicle passed through the toll-bar, and deferentially saluted the pale anxious girl. The moment Christina saw him, a flood of remembrance rushed over her; her step now appeared ominous, her resolution fraught with danger, her position lonely, her very existence a blank,—the sight of the Captain drove the blood to her heart, and the impeded circulation made her lean panting and fainting against the door of the old-fashioned coach.

GUSTAVUS III. OF SWEDEN.

DRAWN BY D. H. PRISTON

‘Courage, cousin,’ said the Captain, ‘you are with friends; my sister awaits you at home.’ He entered without ceremony, lifted one of Christina’s white, trembling hands to his lips, and made the coachman drive the lean Swedish horses quickly up the uneven streets. They halted before an old-fashioned looking building, above the first floor of which ran a balcony of stonework, giving a sombre appearance to the place; in the house-floor, as the entrance was called, a lady of very stiff demeanour received Christina, and was introduced to her as the Captain’s step-sister, the younger sister having been married a short time ago to a wealthy landowner.

Christina could hardly be persuaded to take a cup of coffee, so overcome was she with some unaccountable feeling of ominous foreboding; she asked huskily for her room, was taken there, and threw herself on the bed. No one approached her, no one disturbed her; she was allowed freely to vent her pent up grief, till it should have exhausted itself.

It did exhaust itself; Christina rose, dipped her face into the ice-cold water, combed back her hair, smoothed her plain travelling dress and left the room; guided by the sound of voices, she stood suddenly in the open door of the principal sitting room. Captain Liljehorn was talking angrily while he promenaded up and down; on one side of the fireplace sat the stiff middle-aged dame, on the other Christina’s travelling companion.

The Captain looked round and held his breath.

‘Oh, there you are sweet cousin; come now be friends, since you have come.’

‘Friends?’ answered Christina, as she advanced, ‘friends? That means one in taste, habit, idea, faith and honest truth. No Captain Liljehorn, in that sense I shall never be your friend; but I will reside here and work out my own way; remember I’ll be nobody’s tool; I can protect myself.’

The tall, finely-formed girl stood half-defiantly opposite the three.

‘Tush, tush; you have been bred on scraps of learning and solitariness, and your mind knows not the good rules of Society. You will frighten my sister.’

The spirit of a lady asserted itself; Christina went up to the staring old dame.

‘Pardon me, Madam, if Captain Liljehorn has left you ignorant why I am here, I must tell you myself.’

‘Not necessary, not necessary,’ broke in the Captain, my sister knows.

A side look sufficed, the sister arose, made a very stiff curtsy, and led Christina to a seat next her own.

‘My brother’s friends are mine,’ she replied evasively.



The first evening passed ; like a young doe, watchful of all going on round her, Christina had her senses awake, eager to catch a stray word, that might escape them and guide her to understand their motives towards her.

Night's rest waned and the great morrow awoke for Christina Eckermann ; was it sweeter to be here, expectant of playing some part in the big world, or sweeter to lie below the cliffs on the pebbly shore, listening to the rough 'coo' of the sea-bird and the surging everlasting voice of the dark green sea ? The future was a phantom at which Christina was trying to catch ; the past was a lost dream, gone where it would not again return, and the present was a positive blank.

'Then I'll mould it into something else,' said Christina, as she stood before the small mirror tying her tresses. 'Will and power are given to us all by God, the rest belongs to ourselves.' More stately still, did the Swedish girl enter her cousin's room that first morning of her stay in Stockholm.

This very first morning of Christina's new life, the Captain and his cousin had a stormy discussion. Christina was told that her case was a delicate one, wanting tender handling ; that it could not be unravelled at once ; that she would be introduced into good circles, and that though the Captain was not a rich man, his purse was at her service. That the old-fashioned Swedish dress she wore, was out of all keeping, and that she must accommodate herself to French fashions.

Christina laughed in her cousin's face : 'What, I am to look like a doll and not like a woman ; never !'

'But you must really do it ; all the people will laugh at you ; it will at once tell against you in good society.'

'I shall hate good society ; have you no *great* society here ?'

'What do you mean ?'

'Big men and women, with great hearts and grand lives, such as were my acquaintances when I studied with my father, such as Sweden owned once.'

'Oh, that's all gone and mouldering in historical dust ; we are what we are. As civilized as any nation but the French, and just now inclined to go up in the scale.'

'I hate the French.'

'That's ridiculous and not very philosophical ; we must hate no nation.'

'Well, I don't care for any but the Swedish, and the old Greeks and Romans ; the rest are nothing to me. Those old folks didn't fritter away their strength in bits of likes or dislikes, but they clung to their own habits, and maintained their self-possession.'

'What a scholar you are ; it won't do here, you'll frighten the officers.'

‘What officers?’

‘The King’s Guard. I know a great many of them. Some come here every day, for these are head-quarters for our little schemes.’

‘Schemes for the king?’

‘Well, yes on their part, not quite on mine. I hate the others, the Caps; somebody must give way, so if we help to haul up the king, we haul down the others.’

‘Hem; you are not much of a nobleman, Captain Liljehorn,’ said Christina, looking at him derisively.

‘Why not cousin?’ bristled up the Captain.

‘You have mean motives.’

‘And you speak rudely.’

‘Ha, ha, ha; that’s the way you are going to tame me. Don’t try it again, dearest Captain. I tell you, I’ve not left our hut or cottage, nor the cliff, nor the sea, nor good old Ulrica—nor the grave that holds my father, for *your* pleasure. I have left it for something else, if you must know, for something great and holy; for something that I’ll pursue to the bitter end. I’ll know who slew my mother;’ and Christina Eckermann, in her long black woollen dress stood opposite the pale, startled Captain like a Nemesis.

‘Who told you that story?’

‘No one, I know it from the prescience of a loving child.’ The moment the words were said, Christina repented, and resolved to avoid the subject.

‘That is it,’ drawled Liljehorn, affectedly; ‘we have whims. Don’t spread them before all the world, fair cousin, but hie thee to dress. We have sent for one of the best milliners, she is coming up the street with a messenger and a large box. Cousin Christina, when you are clothed in decent apparel, you’ll be a Queen.’

‘I wish I were,’ sighed Christina.

‘Surely neither of *ours*; one broods all day, the other sighs.’

‘Ah, bah! I should do neither. I should be a Queen in earnest; a loving mother to my people, one and all. A heroine, struggling to plant justice where wrong exists, bringing comfort and joy, lessening sorrow, helping, giving, counselling, showing myself daily to those whom God has committed to my charge. Aye, living with them, among them, and knowing that the opportunity which a Queen has, no other being on earth possesses, not even a King.’

‘What exalted ideas of Queenship you have cousin; pity you cannot realize them. Well, well, if not on the world’s stage, perhaps on a theatrical stage.’

‘Captain Liljehorn, I disdain your allusions;’ so Christina swept from the room.



Every attention was paid to Christina; she was metamorphosed into a fashionable lady of the time, but only moderately. Nothing could persuade her to go against her innate ideas of beauty, and she would *not* bow to fashion for fashion's sake. A week had elapsed after her first arrival; Christina became a power in the house. The elderly step-sister succumbed to her at once; but Christina dreaded her all the same. Her silent way was not sincere, her officiousness premature, her friendliness affected; to the young girl open opposition would have been more welcome. There arrived by the round-about post of that day a scrawl from Ulrica, telling Christina that she had not sold anything, that she had made up her mind the cottage on Tjörn should remain as a harbour of refuge; that she had shut it up, and left it in charge of her next door neighbour, and that she, Ulrica,—as Christina did not seem to want her just now,—had sent on the personal property of her young mistress, and had gone for a while to some relations. 'Thou art strong,' so concluded the letter; but the strong are those the devil attacks first; them he likes to pull down from their own self-esteem, and them he makes grovel in the debasement of sin. Oh, beloved child, if I thought I could help thee now, I would come, even into *that* house; but I have to do other work. I leave thee to take care of thyself; I do believe we are here but guardians of our lives, and have no right to squander them. Do think of the plain words of your old nurse. 'Christina Eckermann, thou hadst a beautiful mother, and a worthy father; do not belie thy parentage, but be worthy of it.'

Christina trembled a little when she read that letter; but she was resolved to see out the performance in Captain Liljehorn's house; and it had begun, this worldly play; the curtain had been drawn up, and the intricate maze of purpose and cross-purpose was at work to fashion the fate of those concerned. Officers came to the house daily; they sometimes were closeted in earnest consultations with the Captain; at others, evening *réunions* were held, over which Christina reigned like a sovereign.

As the winter passed and the spring and summer came Christina's reputation spread; though her cousin had told her that it would be advisable not to come before the world too much, the fame of her beauty and peculiar grace had drawn to the house men of different shades of politics and party. As Christina's importance and influence increased, so the Captain became more deferential towards her, telling her continually that he was doing his best to unravel her history—but that she must bide her time.

The summer wore on; Christina would sit holding the little book dreamily in her hand, looking out upon the smooth waters from her

room window and thinking of those old free days, when no other desire filled her heart, but the enjoyment of natural beauty, the love of her father and the delight in her studies. Now she stood at bay, ready to spring into the full vortex of life's struggles; no adulation had yet spoiled her buoyant spirit, much as she received daily.

The political horizon became more ominous; the secret meetings more frequent; officers hurried backward and forward to the Captain, till that August day decided the game; when the king passed Captain Liljehorn's house, and saw Christina Eckermann on the balcony, waving the white band, he knew not how much she had contributed to influence the issue for him and cement the enthusiasm now shown to him.

He was gone; Christina turned towards her cousin with a glowing face. 'I'm glad I have seen him at last; he is not so handsome as the Duke of Suedermamia, but there is an infinite grace of mind about him. What a pity he has not a wife strong enough to value his good qualities and able to subdue his bad.'

'Poor neglected queen,' said the Captain; 'her life cannot be envied. What a gracious salute His Majesty gave you, cousin. The Duke would be jealous, for I have heard he praises you much.'

'Cousin Liljehorn, cease such unseemly talk; these men are married.'

'Oh, in our time that matters not much; admiration and marriage don't agree. Cousin Christina, we have made a step in advance to-day. Your ambition may still be gratified. Come, now, I must be off and join my brother officers at the guard-room. Thank you cousin, for the assistance you have unwittingly given.' The Captain kissed gallantly the hand extended to him.

On the evening of that August day a very beautiful woman sat at her open window, looking into the summer night, trying to comprehend all its charm. Her thoughts wandered here and there; her soul-life took wide flights into the future, but still returned, misty with doubt, vascillating with expectation. Slowly she murmured the ending verse of her favourite fable in the old book of the 'Letters addressed to a Prince.' The fable spoke of virtue, genius, and reputation; its last verse sounded:—

Said Reputation, 'Luck attend  
You both; but as to me, good night,  
If e'er you trust me out of sight!  
To guard me well be your endeavour,  
If once I'm lost, I'm lost for ever!'

Reputation lost for ever! What reputation, thought Christina?



## CHAPTER IX.

## KING GUSTAVUS BECOMES A DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

THE political storms were over in Stockholm. In a wonderful manner the troubled atmosphere had been cleared, and King Gustavus having shown no enmity against those who had opposed him, or had wanted to narrow still more monarchical power, not by giving it to the people, but by assuming it themselves—had reconciled all parties. The haughty threats had subsided, the nobles had assimilated themselves to the new Constitution, and Gustavus was free to begin his great plans for the moral and material amelioration of his kingdom. With the advice of his tutor, Tessin, still in his recollection, and the active co-operation of the honest Sheffer by his side, what wonder, but that the young monarch might become a blessing to a land, that had the old memories of brave historical deeds to fall back upon. Gustavus made but one mistake, he took too much on himself; to *make* people *wise, industrious, and good*, is but possible in one direction, that of 'education.' The will of *one* man cannot do it, only the combined action of many; if you want a good people, you must individually strengthen each member of it in healthy self-development.

A king may do too little, a king may do too much. Gustavus inclined to the latter fault. A galaxy of great minds surrounded his throne, and graced his period. Did they strengthen the people? There 'lies the rub,' as Our William says; a bright period is often followed by a collapse, when the stars that shine have vanished.

Gustavus had created an academy, and had received from it the honour of a prize for his 'Oration' on Thorentson; the prize had been given long before it was known who had written the oration, and this fact covered the king with renown. Gustavus longed, however, to give a dramatic literature to his country; historical subjects particularly attracted him. Until his time performances had been given in French; little or nothing had been done dramatically in Swedish. Swedish history is full of romance and subjects for dramatic treatment and not be wanting. Gustavus was attracted by the famous love-story of the great Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe, the daughter of the Chancellor Magnus Brahe; the king dramatised it, and the first evening of the performance was approaching. All Stockholm was full of it; the king had himself assisted at the rehearsals, had schooled his actors and actresses, and was awaiting with impatience the first evening performance.

At home he sat in his favourite room, impatiently watching the clock ; a king has the same feelings as other men. The author of a drama to be given the first night, trembles, be he simple or gentle. His favourite companion, Count Tessin's little book was by the king's side.

'Ah, old friend ! now no more. By-the-by,' and Gustavus sprang up, 'how little I know about it, about his end. It fell all into that anxious time ; he had so completely retired that one had forgotten him. And there was a whispering of some romance, too ; let me enquire at once, good thoughts should not be put off.' He rang the bell for Rosenstein.

'Sire.'

'Rosenstein, your ears are sharp ; you know everything ; have you never heard something about Baron Tessin's retirement ? How and where he died.'

Rosenstein seemed to colour a little.

'Not much, sire. People did say it was a pity the worthy old man was so sadly forgotten, and that he died in great obscurity ; but no one seems to know anything else.'

'Rosenstein, are you sure, or will you not tell ? Speak out ; never mind offending me.'

'Well, sire,' and Rosenstein came a little nearer, 'you know there was some old grudge of her Majesty the queen mother, and they say a child was hid somewhere, and God knows what became of either ;' and Rosenstein coloured again.

'What romance was it, and with whom ?'

'I could not tell, sire.'

'Rosenstein, you are wary for your age. But never mind, I shall find out. Come when it is time to leave. You will accompany me.'

'Yes, sire ;' it was an honour, and Rosenstein understood it as such.

Again the king turned to the little book. 'Poor old friend, undervalued and forgotten, who didst give me the first taste for literature ; let me read once more thy last words.' The king opened the book at the last letter :—

'Let me not forget to repeat my request that you will be a kind father to arts and sciences, and you will please to remember that to encourage them with propriety you yourself must not be unacquainted with them.'

'Peace is the greatest blessing you can secure to your subjects, and must be purchased, if necessary, at the hazard and expense of a war. You will command an army, and must, therefore, be yourself a soldier.'



'Let me advise your Royal Highness to make yourself acquainted with the English language, that you may see with what a noble air of liberty the free subjects of a great king dare express themselves. The French writers have already shown you with what true magnanimity an arbitrary prince suffers his people boldly to contend for the support of their laws and privileges in opposition to those who would have sacrificed everything to their own private interest and ambition.

'Accustom yourself to business betimes, for, when you come to the crown, you will find frequent employment in affairs with which no subject ought to be entrusted.'

'Poor Tessin, here he fails, I can trust all to Scheffer, and after all, if it were but possible in our sphere of development, after all, should the subjects and the sovereign's interest not be the same? Well, well, I do what I can; I have to mould various interests, perfect freedom is not yet of our time, and may not be for long.'

'Sire, it is time,' said Rosentein, as he appeared at the door.

'Well, Rosenstein, what doest thou augur, my faithful boy?'

'A success, a success, sire; to be sure a success. I do so long to see it!'

'Come, then, we'll not go to the Royal box.'

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The house was crammed. In the royal box sat the Dowager Queen and Princess Albertina; in a side box, the Duchess of Suedermania, and some of her ladies; the young Queen was nowhere to be seen. People said it was wrong, she should have been there, and shown so much interest in her husband's work; but Magdalena was sitting at home, weeping her poor weary eyes out, for she had positively not the courage to face that throng on such an evening.

The music began, the curtain drew up, and everybody looked for the king, he was nowhere to be seen; but by little and little, the attention was drawn to a place in the rear, where a young girl, dressed in white, sat with an elderly lady, and an officer in full uniform. 'How beautiful; what a magnificent girl; she comes from the north—no, from the south; she beats all the Three Graces; look at them over the way, they seem faded by her side.' It was Christina Eckermann they were admiring; but Christina had no eyes for anything else than the stage. The Captain glanced at her; her whole frame seemed to expand with attention and interest; her eyes glowed with fire, her head leant forward; at last, when a very indifferent actress, who played Ebba Brahe, slurred her sentences, as she spoke of her great love for the young King Gustavus Adolphus, the renowned warrior, Christina could stand it no longer.

‘Oh no, oh no,’ she said, quite loud; ‘that is not the way. Poor high-souled Ebba!’

The whole house stared; some tittered, some whispered, others said: ‘Poor thing, fresh from the country.’ But in a box, hid by a curtain from the public view, some one looked up and saw again the vision that had stood on the balcony on the day of his procession through Stockholm, and had waived so earnestly the white band. Christina never lost her self-possession for a moment, but went on gravely watching every change of the play; she saw not the box of the Duchess of Suedermania, where the duke leant across, and pointing at her, nodded to his wife, saying, ‘There she is; tell me, dearest, is she not a glorious blossom?’

A sharp rap on his knuckles with the exquisite French fan was his answer. ‘Leave that girl alone, my lord duke; she is too good for you.’

‘I suppose she is; but she is grandly beautiful.’

‘Now, monsieur, any more impertinences?’

‘No, sweet one; only that your jealousy is charming, because so rare. Adieu, ma belle, il faut faire la cour à Mamman.’

‘And peep at the divinity; well, go, you are sure to come back.’

So parted the merry couple, on a perfect understanding that small diableries on either side, his not innocent, hers most likely, should be overlooked.

The captain had at first leant back a little, but the evident admiration Christina excited soothed his ruffled spirits, and he forgave her the breach of good manners.

But the actress, so publicly criticised, shot dagger-glances at the beautiful girl; she drew herself up and now began to rant the sweet expressions of Ebba’s love.

Christina got up and whispered to her cousin, ‘I cannot stand it; let us go home.’

‘Home? It would be an insult to the king, who is sure to be here.’

‘Then I shall go alone.’

The Captain had to do her bidding; he left with her, took her home, and returned alone.

A few moments later, some one tapped him on the shoulder, it was Rosenstein —

‘His Majesty wants you, Captain Liljehorn.’

The captain was taken into the hidden box.

‘Your Majesty sent for me?’

‘Yes, Captain; who was that young lady with you?’

‘An orphan, very distantly related to me.’



‘Is she rich or poor?’

‘Very poor.’

‘And very beautiful,’ chimed in the king.

‘Will your Majesty kindly pardon her unseemly interruption?’

‘Unseemly? The child was right, and she had the courage to say so. Why did she leave?’

‘Because, she said, it was impossible to witness such acting.’

‘Captain Liljehorn, I shall call on you to-morrow; I should like to converse with your relative. Does she reside with you?’

‘Yes, your Majesty, for the present. But I must tell you, sire, she has a most peculiarly proud disposition.’

‘All the better, all the better; she will maintain her dignity.’

The play was over; it had been indifferently acted by the principal character, and still it created an immense enthusiasm. The sorrows of the young lovers, whose history was in every Swedish mouth, touched every heart, and the renunciation of Ebba Brahe of her royal lover, when his mother had made her understand that it is her duty to renounce him, brought tears into the eyes of the audience. The enthusiasm rose to a pitch, and Gustavus had one of those rare feasts of popular favour given but to few mortals here. Who could have known that the royal author’s thoughts were away with that young artistic girl, who seemed to have truly understood the character he wanted to draw, at once tender and proud, loving and firm in duty. Ah, he thought, *that* girl would understand me!

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## CHAPTER X.

### CHRISTINA BECOMES AN ACTRESS.

CHRISTINA tossed on her bed; new ideas had been awakened in her by this first dramatic representation. A feeling of superabundant strength and energy and a desire to use both possessed her; to show the world the moral picture of high-minded action in the drama appeared almost as great to her as the action itself. Was it not a noble aim in life to influence people by the picture of a great purpose? Who could call *this* a paltry degraded profession? It was possible, she was sure, to be an interpreter of the dramatic art and yet remain virtuous: in fact no low passion had anything to do with the drama! For correct interpretation it required talented, high-minded men and women, whose very soul was in their art, and who would rank equal with any artist, did they but know their value. Pictorial art, after

all, spoke in the stillness of death to our senses, dramatic art was life itself; the voice spoke to the voice; the action influenced the action, and evil would indeed be the day when the purpose of the drama became lowered in the sight of man. What could there be mean in it? Nothing! and she would herself prove it, for if it were possible, though the captain should sneer, *she* would give them an idea what it meant to describe human passions, human joys, and human sufferings in living pictures.

The king was right when he made it one of the first actions of his reign to bring before his people the great pleasing historical scenes of Sweden's national life. Had Shakespeare not done so in England? And she would help the king to give his literary production the benefit of a truthful rendering. Was that hidden mystery in her life to be solved in that way? She longed to be great, but she had already seen enough in Stockholm to know that the possession of high names did not fulfil greatness; then let her find another road to it, let her cast to the winds the ambition of a high position, and look for greatness in noble actions.

With a half-formed purpose, to do something or other the next day, Christina fell at last asleep; she thought some one knocked at her door, but it seemed only a dream, and when she woke the next morning, the bright spring sun shining into her room, she could scarcely realize the turbulent emotions of the previous night. A knock came again early to her door.

'Christina,' said the voice of the elderly sister-in-law, 'you are wanted early to-day; do make haste and dress.'

Christina sprang up, an ominous foreboding of prescience rushed over her. She was wanted; by whom, where, how—yes, she knew it, it came to her all suddenly; she was sure of it, she was wanted by the king to represent his Ebba Brahe.

Within a momentary flash, all this crossed her mind.

'Yes, Cousin Carolina, I shall soon be ready,' was the faint answer.

Christina entered the sitting-room; her large eyes had become larger with anxiety to know her fate; Captain Liljehorn was quietly taking his breakfast.

'Well, Cousin Christina, you made a hit last night; the king is coming here this morning, I suppose with Rosenstein; his Majesty wants to make your acquaintance, and I congratulate you on your success.'

'The king wants to speak to me, I know why; I am to represent his characters.'

'How do you know, cousin? Are you omniscient? I do not know. Who told you?'



‘My soul augurs it.’

‘It augurs well then, for my prognostication will come true, you will become a stage-queen.’

‘Do not sneer, Captain: the hollowness of much of your lives here makes me now care little whether I bear a great worldly name or not. I can be great in other ways.’

‘So you can, cousin; but your name and lineage? A matter which we are trying to unravel?’

‘Captain Liljehorn, do not taunt me; I am as far from the fulfilment of your promise as ever; I have been only biding my time, and if you have thought I was idle, you were mistaken.’

‘Oh, I know you and Rosenstein are always planning together; he seems much attached to you.’

‘Poor boy; he came here with the other officers, and his youth brought him nearer to me as a friend than those overbearing, semi-gallant friends of yours.’

‘Friendships with youths are dangerous things; never mind, cousin Christina, you are watched still.’

This time the Captain turned away with an ugly scowl, having forgotten all his protestations of love and friendship.

Christina fetched out her little book, and read her favourite portions; then she took up a translation of Shakespeare’s Hamlet, which she had found among the Captain’s books, and perused the principal passages; she made no change in her dress, but quietly and demurely waited her time.’

Eleven o’clock struck, a plain chariot drove up, and the king with Rosenstein entered the house; the Captain received Gustavus with gentlemanly courtesy, and led him into the room where Christina waited; she rose on the King’s entrance, made a low curtsy, and remained motionless. The King’s face was a little disturbed, and young Rosenstein’s as red as fire behind that of his master.

‘Mademoiselle Christina Eckermann, I beg of you to sit down: I have come to make you a proposal, encouraged by your remark of last night.’

‘I beg your Majesty to forgive me my impulsive haste,’ answered Christina.

‘This time, this impulsive haste will produce, I believe, some good. I do not know,’ and the king seated himself familiarly by her side, ‘I do not know, Mademoiselle, whether you will quite understand me, but for me nothing has so high an aim in literature as correct dramatic art. I have tried weakly to embody some episodes of our national history, and naturally, if they are to do good, they must be correctly interpreted. I have done my best with the actors and actresses to

obtain that point, but, as you said, not quite successfully; I am looking for men and women who will take the trouble first to understand me before they represent my words. It is difficult to find them: *you*, I know, would do it, but then I do not know what your ideas are on the point—whether a dramatic career does not appear beneath you.'

Christina looked the king, whose glance was rather shy, straight in the face.

'Your Majesty, it was the first dramatic representation I witnessed, and it has called me to my fate. Whatever my ambition may have been, whatever my ideas of a high worldly position were, art will also give me one. I lay down before it all the aspirations of a life.'

The king smiled in a gratified way; Rosenstein trembled.

'I have brought you a manuscript copy of my play; I remained up all night to copy it out for you myself, with directions. When will you read your part—that of Ebba?'

'Now, your Majesty, I will read the passage that was slurred yesterday, and then I shall commit the whole to memory within three days, and be at your disposal to perform whenever you desire, since I am the mistress of my own actions.'

Rosenstein winced: the Captain, who stood by him in the embrasure of the window, smiled sardonically.

'Oh, sire, I shall know my part.'

'Very well, I shall come here in three days, and then we shall settle the rest. Now, please Mademoiselle read the passage you objected to; here it is.'

Christina ran her eye over it, and then began in low tones to read, soon to declaim, at last to pour forth the words in impassioned tones; again her voice was modulated down to the modesty and sweetness of feminine love: again she reached the agonizing pitch of renouncing such love, at last, glowing and panting, she stopped and laid down the book.

The king seemed affected: 'Superbly done,' he said, tremulously: 'Mademoiselle, who taught you to recite dramatically?'

'My father.'

'And what was he?'

'A plain, poor gentleman.'

'Is he living?'

'He is dead.'

'He must have had much artistic feeling, Mademoiselle, and as he can no longer protect his daughter, I, your king, shall do it in future, in all honour and good faith. Remember the three days; give me your hand, Mademoiselle.'

Christina put her hand in that of the king's—



'I thank you, you have given me infinite pleasure, what I but half indicated you have indued with life and soul. I thank you;' and Gustavus led Christina's hand to his lips.

Rosenstein winced again, and the Captain smiled once more sardonically.

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The three days were over; Christina knew her part. The king came, again accompanied by Rosenstein; he heard her recite the principal passages, and then fixed the first rehearsal for the next day. The piece had not again been played, the actress who had failed had been sent away on her *congé*, and the company had been enjoined to as much secrecy as it was possible to obtain. Christina was fetched next day in a carriage to the theatre, the Captain accompanying her: there she was introduced to the manager, and at once began her task. Such was the impression made, that the whole corps became invigorated. This fresh, artistic girl raised all the rest up to her height, and the king, above in his box, clapped his hands delightedly, when at last the end approached, and both Ebba and the youthful Gustavus Adolphus submitted to their fate of separation.

Poor Rosenstein, standing behind his master's chair, could not clap; he wiped quietly away something moist in his eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

The second performance of the piece was to be given; this time the house could not accommodate but half the spectators that crowded to it. High and low had heard of the new actress, the beautiful girl who had interrupted the first performance, and high and low wanted to see the new wonder. All the gallants in Stockholm rushed to the theatre; all the court party had engaged the boxes; evil tongues were already busy with Christina's reputation, and it was said she would find herself mistaken, for the young queen, the neglected wife, was coming too.

The evening arrived at last: in the royal castle there was this time no hesitation; Gustavus once more read his manuscript, marked several passages, and smiled with a satisfied air: he was *sure* of success.

'Well, Rosenstein,' he addressed his attendant, 'are you not anxious to see the performance this time?'

'Not very, your Majesty.'

'Why not?'

'I must not say what I think.'

'Why not? say out.'

'Oh, your Majesty, is it not a pity to expose such a beautiful girl to the gaze of so many men?'

'Nonsense, Rosenstein; not when it is done modestly. Pray why not? Am I the man to lead a young girl into a wrong path? Why should dramatic representation always wallow in the ruts of low passion? Why? With moderate care and a real high aim in your art, you may be modest on the stage as in your own home.'

'I don't believe it possible, your Majesty; and the high aim is sure to disapper soon.'

'Bah, Rosenstein, what ails you; you have no soul for Art.'

'I am afraid not,'

'Mind you be punctual,' and Gustavus turned away impatiently.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ebba Brahe, the young girl, who had been brought up at the Court of Gustavus Adolphus' proud mother, Christina of Holstein, who had played with the young king from childhood, loved him first as a brother, then as something else; who had sworn eternal faith to him, till he could melt the queen-mother's heart and gain her consent to the marriage; who had been told, that she never could become the wife of the young warrior-king; who had still clung to her fond hopes and been locked up for it in the castle of Calmar; who had at last been forced into a marriage with the Count de la Gardie, by the Queen's command and who had then herself urged her royal lover to submit to fate and forget her. Ebba Brahe was to be personated, with all her charms, by Christina Eckermann. The genius of Christina failed her not: it raised her almost beyond the desired pitch, it fascinated all that crowd of people, high and low; the old Queen became quite excited, the young Queen wept unrestrainedly, the Duchess of Suedermania became silent, the court ladies attentive, the men respectful and hushed and the whole audience was impressed with a feeling of something great being done before them. In one word Christina Eckermann, her soul in her face, her innate grace shown in every action, her aspiring temper right royal in expression, her untouched modesty, maidenly and ingenuous, Christina Eckermann was a vision never to be forgotten. The play was over; poor Ebba had sobbed out her last grief; her devotion had reached the highest pitch as the curtain descended, but instantly rose again by command of the king, who with his own hand threw a laurel wreath at the young girl's feet. Then the spell broke that had held the audience, and shouts of acclamation deafened the house; Christina pale as a marble statue, her underlip trembling, took up the laurel wreath, cast her luminous glance right over to the King's box, curtsied once, twice, thrice, and then retired, born down by the enthusiasm she had created.



The young queen had left before, worn out by her easily excited sympathy.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, while Christina sat pale and exhausted, after such an ovation, in the embrasure of the window, playing with the first violets the Captain had brought her, Rosenstein was announced. He was the bearer of Christina's formal appointment to the royal theatre at Stockholm, at a munificent salary. Rosenstein handed the parchment to Christina, as if it were a funeral dirge. Christina looked at it, scanned it, but smiled not.

'Are you satisfied now, Mademoiselle Christina?'

'No, that is only the wage, the satisfaction is in the work itself.'

'What ugly work it is,' said Rosenstein.

'What? It is a mighty influence.'

'Pardon me, Mademoiselle. Why sacrifice ourselves to influence others, let them look to themselves.'

'But I need not sacrifice myself. I can remain as I am.'

'Impossible: in our day an actress is in every one's mouth.'

'Monsieur Rosenstein, that concerns me little; I am what I am, and shall be.' Christina drew herself up proudly.

Young Rosenstein bit his lip, and then laid down before her a letter from the king: he seemed to be loth to give it.

'Why did you not give it me at once?'

'I was afraid.'

'Why?'

'Afraid of contamination.'

'Rosenstein, do not offend me;' and Christina looked at him with supreme anger.

But the young man, just seventeen, as old as herself, threw himself on his knees.

'Mademoiselle Christina, Mademoiselle Christina, I am afraid of losing you; take that as an antidote to the letter.'

Rosenstein threw a small note into the girl's lap, and hurried from the room.

Christina read the royal letter first; it was simple enough:—

'**MADemoisELLE**,—Accept the grateful thanks of the author for the truthful delineation of his thoughts. The king sends you your installation; the brother artist sends you a simple word of thanks, of pure, well earned thanks. My protection shall be yours always. I will not offend you by a present on such a day.

GUSTAVUS.'

Christina had grown a shade paler still: she broke the note open,

an impassioned sonnet met her eye ; a sonnet such as young love dictates. She read it, and it left a glow of pleasure on her face. What was more ominous, the paleness on reading the king's letter, or the glow on reading the sonnet ?

'I wish Rosenstein had stayed to read the letter ; there is no contamination here,' said Christina.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### *THE QUEEN WRITES A LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.*

AFTER the success of the king's literary efforts, occurrences of no mean import happened. Gustavus was thoroughly searching into the requirements of the country ; there seemed much to be done ; whole cortions were in an enfeebled or loose state, and many resources scarcely developed. Finland, that bone of contention between rival powers in the north ; that neglected step-child of Northern monarchies, lay in deep distress. Horrible tales were wafted across about Finland by official reports or private rumour ; and as the year was drawing to a close, these became at last so ominous, that Gustavus determined to go himself, with his best staff of ministers, advisers, and generals, and enquire into the state of the province.

The summer had been one of delightful occupation ; the king had written another play, 'Helmfeldt,' or rather reproduced it, and with the greatest success. Christina had followed up her career, had by it often come into contact with the king and excited his admiration for her sound knowledge, dramatic talents, and proud bearing. No one had been allowed to approach her in any other but a respectful manner ; though the Duke of Suedermania had managed to be introduced at the Captain's house and had tried his fulsome flattery, he held his brother too much in awe, to offend Christina's ears by libertinism. Rosenstein, her devoted slave, had come and gone as usual ; though all was serene, and Christina remained unmoved apparently by so much general adulation, still Rosenstein, early brought up in the way of Court intrigue and Court morals, doubted all this serenity. Where would it end ? Suppose Christina married and left the stage, if that even were possible, he would lose her then ; for how could he think of such a thing as proposing himself for a husband to one who looked evidently upon him as a faithful brother, one with her in age.



Christina herself became more silent as time went on; she was severely given to her studies, but had lost somehow that bright, joyous, independent look of hers; she was more composed, more dignified, and *not* happy. Some powerful wave of feeling had swept over her mind, and evidently absorbed her soul; what it was, she, perhaps herself only half guessed. Ulrica had written another scrawl, denouncing Christina's theatrical devil-work and Satan's influence, and telling her that she disgraced the blood from which she had sprung; but Ulrica had given no clue to her whereabouts, so Christina had fain to leave her in her belief, that she was lost to the spirits of darkness for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

The king departed for Finland; the queen, as usual, living apart, and only having her ladies and an old faithful friend, Baron Ribbing, to comfort her, found relief in writing to her sister. Before the king's actual departure the following lines were penned.

DEAREST CAROLINA,—I have enjoyed the happiness of seeing my beloved prince, after a long night of absence. His request that I should appear at the drawing-room soon after this important change in the Government was cheerfully obeyed, but the agitation of it was almost too much for your Magdalena, and when he entered the apartments and approached the part where I stood I had very nearly sunk on the ground; the cheering support of my excellent Countess Fersen saved and restored me. A voyage to Finland is in agitation, and considered necessary, at least by the king, to quiet some discontents, inspect some fortresses, and place able governors in them. It is a dreary and boisterous season for such an expedition. I like not the thought of it; may God in his mercy preserve the best of Sovereigns.

Dear sister, adieu.

SOPHIA MAGDALENA, R.\*

On the day the queen sent this letter she had a scene with her copyist and Danish lady in attendance, Madame Halme. The latter tried to insinuate into her mind the fact, that since the king had taken to play-actresses and such like loose people, no attention was to be paid to him, and it was ridiculous any longer even to speak of him respectfully.

The queen rebuked her Danish woman sharply; said that she herself admired Christina's talent, that she had complimented her in person, and hoped that for once they would be able to retain a high-minded virtuous representative of the Drama.

\* This letter is original.

‘Which is impossible. Well, your majesty, if you are blind I am not,’ answered the huffish Danish dame.

\* \* \* \* \*

The winds howled round Stockholm; the snow drove in volcanoes down the streets; the cold was nipping in the extreme. In the palace sat Magdalena again before her writing-desk, penning a letter to her husband in Finland. This letters had erasures and stops without end as usual. Madame Halme had to transcribe it into decent neat writing afterwards. Suddenly the Duchess of Suedermania burst into the queen’s apartment.

‘Ma chère, il faut la lettre, absolument; down there waits the courier, and he must be off, or he loses his day’s posting. Come now, quick; I’ll put it up. I am quicker than you.’

‘Impossible; look, it must be copied. I never could compose decently.’

‘Nonsense, nonsense; surely you would not let the courier go, without letting the king know that you thought of him at such a season.’

‘No, on no account.’

‘Then give me the letter; there, I shall take it;’ and the duchess snatched it away, and ran from the room, enclosing it for safety in her packet, to the duke her husband.

Magdalena stared after her in amazement and terror, what her lord would say at such a scribble; and, as usual, she shed a few unhappy tears over the contretemps and the duchess’s wilfulness. Could the queen then have known what consequences this contretemps would have?

[To be continued.]

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# JUST PRINCIPLES OF PUNISHMENT.

BY FRANCIS PEEK.



AMONG many questions demanding for their solution serious thought and anxious care, not the least, whether considered in relation to the protection of society or the good of the wrongdoers themselves, is the subject of the punishment of criminals, &c. On few matters, moreover, has public opinion run to greater extremes. Formerly our punishments were as cruel as they were futile, and the time is yet within the memory of those living when criminals were treated as savage beasts, while the spectacle of many poor wretches hanging on the gallows at the same time for such offences as sheepstealing, shoplifting, forgery, or breaking of machinery was not unfrequent, and even death itself was a merciful punishment compared with the cruel fate of those condemned to confinement in the vile prisons, or to cross the sea in those viler convict ships, so well called floating hells.

When, indeed, we read descriptions of criminal punishments in those days, and then consider the trivial nature of some of the crimes for which such torture and degradation were inflicted, the mind revolts at the selfish indifference of a community which could allow so bad a state of things to exist; for not only was this treatment of criminals abominable in its cruelty, but it was as inefficacious in repressing crime, which at no time, especially in its most serious aspects, was so rife as at that period.

Some twenty-five years ago society, roused at length to a sense of the iniquity of the past, rushed to an opposite extreme, and almost made pets of malefactors. Having so long forgotten that criminals were, after all, fellow-men, it for the time forgot that these fellow-men were also criminals, and from exclusively thinking of the protection of the community, it acted as if exclusively interested in the reformation of the criminal. Since then public opinion has fluctuated, first towards harshness, then to excessive lenity, unguided apparently by any fixed principle, and therefore unsettled.

In endeavouring to fix some just principle of criminal punishment, it seems necessary to embody the truths of both these different views, and we then draw the conclusion that criminal punishment to be just and effective must be retributive, as well as deterrent and remedial. Against the first of these demands, however, an influential party

strongly protests, denouncing in most bitter language the idea of retribution as unchristian and inhuman; but in vain do we look for any support of their view either in reason or revelation.\* On the contrary, even the loving religion of the New Testament most sternly maintains this doctrine, denouncing indignation and wrath against every soul of man that doeth evil, and declaring that suffering in this world or the next, in bitter repentance here or pain hereafter, must follow transgression. While referring to the Civil magistrate, St. Paul says: 'He is a terror to evil doers, for he beareth not the sword in vain.'

The moral conscience of mankind also proclaims the same truth. When some great crime is committed and the offender escapes; when some heartless villian ruins and forsakes a weak woman, who in agony destroys her infant, and through imperfect laws he escapes punishment; when some cruel ruffian maims and injures his half-starved wife or paramour, and through the *wonderful* leniency of the magistrate suffers only a few weeks confinement, there is an universal feeling of indignation and regret that justice has failed, and this among persons who are in no way directly interested. It is the feeling of justice planted in the human heart by its maker and which demands retribution upon the violator of human laws.

Even nature shadows forth the same truth, for the violator of her laws speedily suffers retribution. Neglect the laws of health, and painful sickness will fall upon you; forget the physical laws which govern our world, and sharp and bitter pain will follow; and if this law of retribution is just it seems to overthrow the arguments of those who exhibit so much indignation at the infliction of corporal punishment even when visited upon villans guilty of premeditated acts of violence. Surely nothing can be more just than that he who, making use of superior strength, wilfully inflicts agonising pain upon an unoffending fellow creature should himself be made to feel some of the suffering he has inflicted. To say that corporal punishment is in itself degrading, is not correct. Was St. Paul degraded when five times he received forty stripes save one, were the martyrs of whom the world was not worthy degraded by their trial of cruel scourgings? No, they counted their scars marks of honour, you cannot degrade a man through his body, degradation is of the soul, and if the cruel bully is still further degraded (supposing that possible), when suffering the infliction of the cat for aggravated cruelty to some helpless fellow-creature, we must seek deeper for the cause than the mere fact that the punishment he receives is bodily—namely, in the feeling that the

\* We of course put aside such an application of the words 'resist not evil' as would apply them to civil government, which no one *practically* holds.



crime for which such punishment is inflicted is so vile that society casts him out.

Surely nothing can be more strikingly just than to say to such a criminal, you have violated human law by inflicting wilful pain on a weaker fellow creature, feel then, what it is to suffer pain in your own body, and while you writhe under its smart, think that an offending fellow creature is suffering similar pain through your wilful cruelty. Such is *just* retribution. There would be indeed no *just* retribution in corporal punishment for theft; and other similar crimes, in such a case the man's nature would revolt, and he could say, this punishment is a cruel injustice, for in a time of temptation I stole, and in just retribution society may compel me to work with hard labour to make restitution, but it is cruel injustice for such an offence to lacerate *my* body, when I have respected the bodies of my fellow men.

We must, however, carefully bear in mind that after all retribution is but *one* of the principles that should prevail in criminal punishment, and though so important that the ignoring of it has produced and must produce weakness in the administration of justice; yet the still more important principles are deterrent and remedial. Few, if any, deny that one great aim of all punishment should be to deter the offender from repeating, and to deter others of similar disposition from committing the same crime. But in considering the subject in this aspect we at once come into the region of statistics, which unfortunately can generally be so manipulated on all subjects as to be valueless, and with regard to the deterrent effects of different kinds of punishment we have little data to go upon. We may, however, lay down as a maxim that punishments to be made deterrent should be such as are most distasteful to the culprits, and that to a great extent the crime itself indicates the nature of the punishment demanded; thus to the idle swindler and the skulking thief no punishment can be more distasteful than to be compelled to hard and steady labour. To the heartless scoundrel guilty of cruelty no punishment is so distasteful as the painful flogging: on this latter point there can be little doubt.\*

\* EXTRACT FROM ANNUAL GOVERNMENT BLUE BOOK STATISTICS REGARDING CRIME, 1870 AND 1871.

1870 shows a decrease in offences for which the punishment of flogging is administered of 20 per cent. as against 1869.

1871 shows a further decrease of 12 per cent.

1870 shows a decrease of only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in offences against property without violence.

1870 a further decrease of 8 per cent.

1871 shows an increase of 2 per cent. in offences against the person, including murder, rape, and assaults of all kinds for which flogging is not administered.

For since flogging was adopted as a part of the punishment for robbery with violence, this crime has decreased 20 per cent., while robbery without violence has decreased only  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and no doubt the results would have been more striking had judges carried out the law more boldly and more uniformly. This want of uniformity and certainty in the sentences of our judges and magistrates is, indeed, a great defect in our criminal treatment; for a knowledge that every offence will certainly, when proved, carry its full and just punishment is of first importance in dealing with the criminal if he feels that not only is there the chance of escaping conviction, but that, if convicted, the punishment is uncertain, its deterrent nature is greatly weakened, and it is sincerely to be hoped, even on this account, that before long the public conscience may cease to be so constantly shocked, as is now the case, by the injustice of the judgments of different judges. One condemns a poor fellow to long imprisonment with hard labour for a petty theft, or an offence against the mint, while another allows scoundrels of the deepest dye, at whose hands men, women, or children have suffered it may be life-enduring misery, to escape with a slight imprisonment, inadequate to fulfil any of the ends of punishment. Having considered the principles of retribution and deterrence, that of reformation or the remedial naturally follows: and this among a Christian and humane community must always hold a prominent place. When we consider the temptations to which many criminals have been exposed, the ignorance of right and wrong in which many of them have been brought up, the fact that a large proportion are of defective intellect, it is no wonder that many persons forget justice in arguing for mercy: and without doubt every effort should be made to atone for past neglect and past cruelty by rendering our criminal legislation not only just but merciful. At present it is far from this; and while the treadmill and the gang system remain it never can be effective in its remedial power. The subject of the remedial treatment or the reformation of criminals is, however, so large that it well deserves separate consideration.



## THOÉPHILE GAUTIER.

"Poète impeccable, magicien des lettres Françaises."

UNDER the arcades of the Palais Royal, in dead imperial days, the commercially clean and placid tourists we are proud to produce by thousands, gaping at Chevet's marvellous epicurean morsels, or silently reprehending the immorality of Dentu's yellow covers, were elbowed by a plump cherubical figure in shabby coat and hat that would excite the legitimate contempt of Cheapside: the figure carried dusty books in every receptacle about him; his ringlets—becoming tardily grey—inundated his shoulders, his eyes turned heavenwards, and the deep bistre circles around them would alone have sufficed to render him utterly unpresentable in decent English society. Nor would the tourist have invited him home to Mrs. Podsnap, *née* Grundy, had they known that men called the shabby cherub Théophile Gautier, librarian to the Princess Mathilde, critic, poet, painter, dramatist, novelist, essay writer—in a word *littérateur* by choice, and Romantic by profession. A fortunate few among us have lit upon Englishmen who could understand Hugo, construe Baudelaire, think de Vigny fine, and de Musset pretty; but Gautier had not a British sentiment for him, nor, in truth, a British form, and he had written *Mademoiselle Maupin*! so the students of Paul de Kock could not but cry anathema, maranatha, and avert their gaze. The poet of 'Albertus' and 'Emaux et Camées,' is untranslatable as Rabelais. He has never been, and probably never will be, as popular in England as the author of the *Demoiselles de Magasin*; and it is permissible to ascribe the fact to somewhat less honourable causes, than those furnished by our undoubted and supreme national morality. An Englishman's taste for the "nasty" in literature, is crude and savage. It demands coarse viands; it will have no subtle fusion of flavours, no new combinations, no equivocalities, and no disguises; and at the outset of his career, when the 'Jeune-France' was printed and prohibited, Théophile Gautier acquired the reputation of a frank practitioner, who was ever ready to compose and present the very worst pill that ever issued from the literary laboratories of the Latin Quarter, but who always insisted on gilding it. It was the gilding the English reader did not like, could not understand; or at least so much may be presumed from the fact that the English reader has shunned Gautier, but never shown any marked repugnance for de Musset, Dumas *fils*, and Droz. Théophile Gautier is dead; his obscurity, his disguise, his lack of honest crudity may therefore be pardoned him, and the story of the life of

the daring dreamer, and "poète impeccable" whom Hugo, Baudelaire, and Mèry honoured, be written without frequent recourse being made to the pharasaical vocabulary.

Gautier was born at Tarbes, the Druidical city, in August, 1808—though he asserts 1814, with characteristic horror of all that is old, unlovely, and weak. The imperial work of centralization had borne fruit, and the wit, the wealth, the power, and beauty of France were focussed at Paris. The Gautier family followed the tide while the poet was yet a child, and he could call himself Parisian in after years. He commenced his education at the Lycée Charlemagne, where he made the one thoroughly intimate, sympathetic, congenial friendship that influenced his whole life. The boy with the Basque accent and feline somnolence of disposition, who carried his *gibecière* to the Faubourg St. Antoine every morning must have made the Proviseur despair of the rising generation. He was uniformly last of his class in Latin and Greek themes (the 'less Greek' was merely a matter of form in those days), a fact whereof he boasted ever afterwards; he would never recognise that the dead languages were necessary to a living man who could speak French; he drew nymphs and sphynxes in copy-books, he was at the Louvre among the statues when he should have been writing *pensums* at Charlemagne: and the worst of it was, the Proviseur must have opined, he was not alone. Young Gerard de Nerval, the gay, sorrowful, tender idler, who wrote the 'Bohème Galante' in a fortnight's fit of industry, and might have written a 'Faust' had that fit continued three months, played truant with him, studied *l'art plastique* in the museums, and passed hours in contemplation before the symbols of sensual art, whence both drew their mightiest inspiration. De Nerval was a quicker scholar, according to the pedagogic standard than Théophile Gautier, was not so absolute in his contempt of classic studies as the future painter-poet. Gautier's only researches were in early French literature; archaic forms and phrases exercised an immense influence on his mind; his admiration went from Régnier to Villon and the Vidame de Chartres; he pretended to be more ignorant of the literature of the eighteenth century than a nun or bishop. At this time he was a short, broad robust lad with Oriental eyes and sensual mouth, giving no outward sign of literary taste or instinct. And indeed his poetry, the place he conquered among French men of letters were due rather to accident than to a real vocation. As a student his studies were artistic, his reading was little more than a relaxation, and the painter's culture he gave himself replaced a literary education in the life forced upon him, and formed his originality. He considered himself a painter, and not seldom spoke of his poems as *des tableaux*. On leaving the lycée he commenced his apprenticeship to art in



Rioult's studio, a far more congenial academy than that of the Faubourg St. Antoine. This phase of his life furnished him with the materials of his clever sketch the *Rapin*, published many years after in the series 'Les Français peints par eux-mêmes'. But he was called away from palette and etching needle; the brazen trump of Romanticism had been sounded by Hugo, the poet, and Delacroix, the painter, and all that was young, and hopeful, and passably educated in France gathered round the chiefs. Gautier could not remain apart. It is not probable that he deigned to repeat the Latin truism concerning the contrast between art and life, but he broke his brushes saying—'Décidément la peinture est plus facile avec la plume qu'avec le pinceau.' Joseph Delorme, the pseudonym of Sainte-Beuve, and the Bibliophile Jacob were disinterring the literary riches of the sixteenth century. Gautier had read them feverishly, excited, as he had been on the lycée benches by the picturesque prose, the free verse, the hyperbolical images and brilliant affectations of Ronsard's school, and drawn by his Materialist tendencies towards the extreme culture of form that school commands. He dived deep into the sources of the language for new idioms, for forgotten similes; he studied dictionaries during a year, hunted up rare adjectives, compiled a rich unique glossary for his private use. Then in June, 1826, timid and blushing, he knocked at Sainte-Beuve's door and produced the manuscript of a poem, 'La Tête de Mort.'

He had not finished the third verse before the great freethinker and critic saluted him as one of the Romantiques, and the most promising pupil of Marot, St. Gelais, Ronsard, Baif, Bertaut, Duperron, all the Pleiade in fact; the *tête de mort* was what Sainte-Beuve, called 'substantial poetry.' Gautier's career was decided. He was introduced to the young god Victor Hugo, and told to persevere. Straightway, he suffered his hair to reach the length of those Samsonion locks all Paris knew so well, but a week ago, and which earned for him the sobriquet of Theophile le Chevelu. When the masterly preface of 'Cromwell' appeared, Gautier declared himself publicly an apostle of the new literary evangel. He was at the first performance of *Hernani*, on which occasion one of the most terrible of the daily combats between Romantiques and Classiques took place. Gautier was in the stalls; his prodigious strength of muscle rendered him a formidable chief of the militant school, and he is reported to have placed thirty Classiques *hors de combat*. A living English poet and novelist is known to be more proud of the two inches by which he towers above the rank and file of humanity, than of the masterpieces that have made him famous. Gautier shared the not very uncommon weakness. He writes with glee: 'Je donnai à l'ouverture du Chateau Rouge, sur une tête de Turc toute neuve le coup de poing de cinq-cent-trente-deux

livres devenu historique, c'est l'acte de ma vie dont je suis le plus fier.' Bearing the red card inscribed with the mystic syllables *Hierro* (a rallying sign of the Romantiques). Théo, as his friends began to call him was an invaluable ally, in the physical, as well as in the intellectual sense. Afterwards Gautier considered his alliance ill-paid, but then he had the disinterestedness of fervent conviction and asked little more than the privilege of passing through the Place Royale at midnight and crying *Vive Victor Hugo!* under the master's window.

Gautier's first volume—a volume of verse—was lost in the tumult of the Revolution of July, 1830. His political faith was of the vaguest description—that of Tom Hood who longed for 'a despotism with an angel from heaven;' he could never write the phrase 'questions of the day,' and declared that he would give all his rights as a French citizen to play Peeping Tom to Julia Grisi's Godiva. So the noise of revolution drowned the poet's pœans, and his verses simply served to fill the boxes 'at fifty centimes' on the quays. He seems to have expected much from Victor Hugo's aid, and to have considered the failure of his hopes as a failure on the part of the master. When some years later he was conducting the feuilleton of the *Presse*, his praise of Hugo was faint and forced; and when asked why he did not openly express his new opinions, he answered quaintly, 'I am bound by irrevocable promises. They drew me as a child into a terrible cavern, and forced me to swear that I would consider everything sublime. I must keep my oath; if I broke it, someone would appear in green spectacles and a cardboard nose and tell Girardin (the editor of the *Presse*) that I had murdered my father and mother, and Girardin would dismiss me.' He had become the prey of journalism, like many a poet born and spoilt under the rule of the Fourth Estate—for Chatterton does not die in 1872—he 'does' the police-courts at twopence a line. Fortunately Théophile Gautier escaped from time to time from his 'niche au bas du journal,' as he called his allotted *feuilleton*. In 1830 he was living in the old, sombre, picturesque Place Royale, in order to be near Victor Hugo. Here he wrote 'Albertus,' his first important work. He had been publishing fugitive pieces for several years in the 'Cabinet de Lecture,' a hospitable journal open to the young school. 'Albertus' made his reputation as a poet, though it is very inferior to nearly all his later pieces. There are traces of de Musset, Shakespeare, and Goethe, in the legend of a Dutch and feminine Faust. Veronique, an old witch, metamorphoses herself into—

Une perle d'amour—De longs yeux en amande  
Parfois d'une douceur tout à fait allemande,  
Parfois illuminés d'un éclair espagnol . . . . .  
Un son de voix plus doux qu'un chant de rossignol, . . .



La malice de Puck, la grace d'Ariel,  
 Une bouche mutine où la moue  
 D'Esméralda se mêle au sourire et se joue ;  
 Un miracle, un rêve du ciel !

And the translated hag bewitches the painter Albertus, corrupts him, teaches him the black arts, until the word God leaves his lips in a witches' sabbath, and the next morning some contadini find on the Appian road, near Rome, a man's body, with broken thighs and twisted neck. But Gautier was a journalist: he was destined never to forget the fact. Passing from the *Presse* to the *France Littéraire*, he wrote in the latter journal a series of studies of the poets of Louis XIII.'s epoch—Colletet, Scudéri, St. Amand, Scarron, &c., which were republished under the title of *Les Grotesques*. His lack of profundity, his lack of judgment even, his inability to do more than paint in words and play with paradoxes is most obvious in these sketches. Not a character or a style is described: though, on the other hand, the book is full of splendid minute Dutch delineations of Paris in Scarron's time, dress, ceremonies, and faces. It was after this achievement that Gautier took a foremost place as a critic—an office for which he had none of the first requisites of judgment, impartiality, liberality, and discrimination. His next metamorphosis stamped him as a novelist of marvellous power and imagination. Mademoiselle Maupin appeared about this time. It is impossible to analyse it as a novel in what a "gushing" journalist calls "our cleanly English tongue." The book is brimful of daring indecencies, of "fleshliness" carried to a point at which Baudelaire would leave it. Gautier cries aloud that he has not enough with seven cardinal sins; that Christ did not come for him, but left him pagan as Alcibiades: "O old world, all that thou revealest is then despised: thine idols are cast down in the dust, meagre anchorites dressed in rent rags, martyrs all bloody with their shoulders torn by the tigers of thy circus, have rushed upon the pedestal of thy gods, so beautiful and so good!" This is not simply poetic expression—it is the outpouring of the man's real faith, of his malady, perhaps: for Gautier suffered from excess of health: the body demoralised the spirit. He was the centre of a circle of *haschisch* eaters—pagans as himself. His friendship with Nerval had blossomed; and in the famous house of the Impasse du Doyenné, the author of 'Les Filles de Feu,' Gautier, Camille Rogier, Mevrilhat, Roqueplan, Ourliac, Aisène Houssaye, Celestin Nanteuil met together, ate *haschisch* and *cassaient du sucre*, a picturesque term which means evil speaking of the absent. Gautier was then the chief pillar of the *Figaro*: he collaborated with Nerval in the *France Littéraire*. They left that journal together for the *Revue de Paris*,

and thence for *l'Artiste* and *la Charte* de 1830. Gautier's idleness was proverbial: he never failed to secure a collaborateur for the daily work of journalism—seldom saw the pieces he criticised, and confessedly praised everything from sheer indolence. With Noel Parfait he wrote 'Fortunio,' an impossible romance depicting the arrival of a 'fils sauvage de l'Orient' in Paris, and his establishment of Serrail morality in the heart of the modern capital. This was followed by 'Une Larme du Diable,' a fantastic dramatic sketch, and 'Tra los Montes,' the result of a tour in Spain. In this, as in all his soi disant 'serious' works, Gautier's wealth of imagination and imagery produces a result quite contrary to that intended. 'Tra los Montes' reads like a tour in the middle ages, written by a knight-errant.

It is a real book of travel, but there were seemingly no Spaniards in Spain when Gautier was there. His 'Constantinople' is infinitely better than this piece of word-painting. In Turkey he was at home, and Lamartine and Chateaubriand fall short of him in their description of oriental scenery and architecture. His brightest holidays were those that were repassed at Stamboul in the midst of a group of Circassians, savouring profound 'Keyf.' Besides these works, Gautier has written four ballets, essayed with indifferent success two or three pieces, one of which, 'La Goutte de Lait,' contained so many indecencies that it was hissed off a Paris stage! written 'Le Capitaine Fracasse, a magnificent romance of the middle ages, the 'Roman de la Momie,' a prose poem of rare power, and some three score prefaces, biographical and critical notices, &c.

The work he has completed is vast and masterly, though unequal and defaced by voluntary errors of taste, mannerisms, and a general superlative tone that wearies while it astounds. But the poet who has just died in Paris, was half crushed by those paper bandelets—which are stronger than gyves after the compositor has defaced them. It would be in a manner unjust to pass a verdict on Theophile Gautier as a modern journalist, as a citizen of M. Thiers' republic. His republic was that of Athens, and it is as Alcibiades that he must be judged. He was enamoured of contour and colour, and of nothing else. He could not understand a Corps Legislatif bill. He hated Danton as he hated the "morality" of Souvestre, as he hated everything that did not wear a doublet or trail, the antique draperies of Aspasia. And disinherited of Attic skies, and marbles, crushed into three columns of the *Presse*, and forced to speak of a plébiscite to a Bonaparte princess, it is conceivable that nostalgia seized him now and then, that he forgot that we drape our statues, *teach* ignorance as a virtue, and spoke in a tongue that shocked us—when we understood it.

EVELYN JERROLD.



## RUSSIA AND PANSCLAVISM.

By J. W. TIPPING.

WHEN Russia, after the Crimean war of 1853, retired humbled and worsted from the lists, the impression prevailed that her powers of mischief had been crippled for many years to come, and that the blows dealt her by the Western Allies, together with the manifest intention of Austria to second their views and efforts, would suspend the onward march of her aggressive policy for at least the term of the present century.

These calculations have not been realised; the victors of Sebastopol have seen their vanquished enemy gather together her strength within a few years, assert her power defiantly on several occasions, crush Poland in spite of their urgent remonstrance, and throw an important moral influence into the campaigns of '66 and '70; and, finally, after breaking asunder the fetters of green withs which the Contracting Parties of the Paris Treaty sought to bind around her, she has assumed an attitude so menacing that even Prussia, her old ally and accomplice, has begun to take alarm.

But this unlooked-for aspect of affairs is not due solely to the terror inspired by the Russian arms: a force purely intellectual has recently arisen, and placed itself at the service of the Muscovite statesmen, and the old Eastern Question has been enlarged of late by a most dangerous and perplexing problem, commonly known as the "Pansclavic Idea."

This formula, which indeed hardly requires explaining, is used to denote the tendency of the Slavonic tribes all over the continent to band themselves together in virtue of the modern principle of nationalities, and finally to coalesce in one mighty people, under the sceptre of the natural head of their race and family, the Czar of Russia.

If the history of Europe could be begun anew, and if all dynastic rights and vested interests could be completely set aside, the theory would not be without a certain imposing grandeur and thoroughness of conception, but seeing that its accomplishment in the world of the

nineteenth century would utterly wreck two great kingdoms and greatly dislocate a third monarchy, we can hardly be surprised if it does not command a general assent from all parties. As soon, therefore, as the idea was propounded its first effect was to unsettle the good understanding which had united the Courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin ever since the fall of the first Napoleon; and if it continues to propagate itself further, it will become in the future so prolific a source of troubles, bitter contentions, and bloody wars, that a brief survey of its progress during the last few years, will perhaps not be altogether without interest.

We scarcely need observe that, though this movement menaces Turkey very sincerely, and also Prussia, as possessing the Slavonic province of Posen, to a less extent, yet the Power most vitally interested in repressing it is the Austrian Empire. So long, therefore, as the House of Hapsburg maintained its old authority and prestige in Central Europe but little was heard of the Panslavonic programme.

When, however, the Sadowa campaign gave the Empire a shock, from which many at first supposed that it could not recover, all its Slavonic subjects, numbering some fifteen millions of souls, began to prepare themselves for a new order of things. The Czechs of Bohemia, the Rutherians of Galicia, the Croats of Hungary, all were in a ferment; and the Russian Court, thinking its opportunity was about to arise, and desirous of punishing Austria for its so-called ingratitude since the Hungarian war, in no way discouraged the malcontents.

The timely statesmanship of M. Beust, though it certainly averted the agony of dissolution which had appeared imminent, could not restore to Austria that moral ascendancy over her Slavonic populations, which she had formerly possessed; on the contrary, it left them more wrathful and embittered than ever, because as the system of dualism adopted by it seemed to single out Hungary for special advantage and preferment, and to exalt her at the expense of all the other dependant races of the empire. Accordingly, though the great crisis passed off, the anti-Austrian impulsion which had been given by it, still subsisted; the Bohemian polemicists and journalists above all distinguished themselves by their seditious tendencies, which, favoured by the connivance of Russia, and by the extreme tolerance of the Vienna Government continued to propagate themselves freely. Sensational paragraphs constantly appeared in the Czech journals of Prague, wherein the Austrians were represented as usurpers, whose lease of unrighteous dominion was rapidly expiring, and the oppressed people were exhorted to look with hope and confidence to the "Slavonic Mecca," Moscow.



To these advances the notorious *Moscow Gazette* responded in a series of articles, of which the following may be taken as a specimen:—

‘The new era is beginning to fashion itself, and it is for us Russians that it has a special significance. This era is thoroughly our own; it is calling into life a new world, which has hitherto awaited its destiny in outer darkness, the greco-sclave world. After ages passed in resignation and servitude, this world is at last on the eve of its renovation, that which has been long forgotten and compressed is returning to the light and preparing for action. The generations now in being will witness great changes, great facts, and great formations.’

‘Already on the Balkan Peninsula, and on the mouldy bed of the Ottoman tyranny, are arising three-strong and robust groups of nationalities, the Hellenic, the Slavonic, and the Roumanian, intimately knit to one another by the community of their faith, and of their historic destinies; these three groups are not less bound to Russia by all the bonds of religious and national life. These three groups of nature once reconstructed, Russia will reveal herself in a wholly new light. She will no longer be alone in the world; instead of being the sinister Asiatic Power which she has hitherto appeared, she will become a moral force indispensable to Europe, a Greco-sclave civilisation completing the Latino-German civilisation, which, but for her, would remain imperfect and inert in its sterile exclusivism.’

The plain tenor of this passage, stripped of all verbage and platitude could only be that Russia looked upon herself as the heir, morally and fatally, of all the non-Latin and non-German territories of our Continent, but that as the Turkish provinces appeared to be the easiest prey she would begin by gathering them in unto herself, with the firm conviction that all the remainder of the Slavonic provinces in Europe would speedily follow in due course. But as mere journalism was likely to be of but slow effect upon races amongst whom the elements of “primary education” had scarcely begun to penetrate, it was resolved that new and more striking methods of persuasion should be resorted to.

With the view of presenting in the most vivid manner to the minds of the Slavonic masses the idea with which it was sought to animate them the Russian Pansclavists organised a number of popular spectacles, skilfully combined to produce the dramatic effect designed, and in order to render the commencement as little offensive as possible to the neighbouring Powers, the first of these manifestations was very subtly disguised under the appearance of zeal for the promotion of natural science. The society existing for this object at Moscow was induced to issue a great project for holding an Ethnological Exhibition, whose scope, though in the first instance apparently limited to the

actual subjects of the Russian Empire was ere long enlarged so as to embrace all members of the Slavonic family.

The mere announcement of such a programme served to excite the wildest enthusiasm among all the peoples to whom it was addressed; costumes, arms, and household implements of all kinds were sent off in shoals by the Austrian and Turkish Slaves, all eager to aid in the "work of science."

The scheme was actively and busily carried out, and its authors had every reason to be satisfied with the opening of their Exhibition, which took place on the 5th of May in the Moscow riding-school. The floor was covered with various objects, each of which was designed to represent some branch of the great nationality, and in the very heart of the building the Czar and his family occupied a State box, whose position in the midst of the surrounding groups seemed to point it out as 'the symbolic centre of the Slavonic world.'

This affair was quickly followed up by manifestations of a still more marked and significant character. A "Slavonic Holy Week," to be observed with great pomp in the two Capitals, was solemnly proclaimed, and a number of "Slavic notables" from foreign countries were urgently invited to attend it.

The summons was readily complied with, and accordingly the Russian provinces were speedily traversed by a numerous band of travellers, which though including the Bohemian historian, M. Palacky, and one or two other men of some eminence, was mainly composed of demagogues and journalists recruited from Bohemia, Croatia, and the Danube and Provinces. Official instructions had of course been given to the Russian authorities as to the reception of these wayfarers, and the chronicle afterwards published by the diarist of the party relates that throughout their journey they were in a state of delighted bewilderment at all that occurred; at the special trains which were placed at their disposal, at the brilliant hotels to which they were conducted as the guests of the Czar, at the splendid wines with which they were regaled, and at the affable condescension shown them by great personages in full uniform. At St. Petersburg fresh triumphs awaited them; the Emperor himself, indeed, though he received them very cordially, was pledged by his diplomatic relations to a certain discretion of language and demeanour, and the members of his Cabinet to whom they were presented, did not venture beyond vague predictions of "the mighty future reserved by providence for the Slavonic race," but in the theatres, in the streets, and in all the public places the "notable" strangers found themselves the heroes of the hour.

A special service in their honour was held in the Cathedral of St. Isaac.



Isaac, and after seven days of high feasting and self-complacent rhetoric, they proceeded to Moscow. Here the ovation excited by their presence exceeded all that they had hitherto met with, the population literally rushed upon them, men and women were trampled down, the new comers were embraced, hoisted into the air, and carried off in different directions, one of them, indeed, completely disappeared, and was so long absent as to make his comrades uneasy on his account. Then began a long series of banquets, public entertainments, and monster festivals which baffles all description. One of the most striking incidents was the so-called 'Pansclavic Congress,' a meeting held in the great hall of the University, where the 'Slavonic deputies,' as the strangers were called, found themselves in conference with all the Moscow professors, with the representatives of various scientific and literary societies, and with a number of generals and high dignitaries of the empire.

The Rector of the University, M. Barcheo, opened the discussion with a harangue, wherein he maintained that the aspirations of the Slavonic world were perfectly just and natural. 'In our time,' said he, 'divided nations always gravitate towards unity, the tendency is admitted and approved in all the diplomatic circles, and has even become the leading principle of a new public law. Let us, therefore, do what has already been done in Germany and in Italy, and we shall be irresistible.'

Then followed the spokesmen of the various learned societies, each setting forth in his turn the arguments which might be drawn from his special science in favour of the conclusion propounded by the Rector. Thus the representative of natural science observed that nature had set no barrier between Russia and the other Slavonic peoples, that the frontiers which severed them were purely conventional, that they had the same mountain ranges, the same flora, the same mineral products.

The orator of the Russian literary circle then approached the question of language. 'Out of the mass of idioms,' he began, 'which formerly covered Europe, history has fashioned but a small number of literary languages, and these few languages have become elements of conservation and of progress for general civilisation. Let us then, my Slavonic brethren, follow in this respect the example of Western Europe. Let each one of our idioms develop itself as it will, but all must bring their local differences and their special genius as an offering to the common treasure of a Pansclavic language. One single literary language must spread itself from the Adriatic and from Prague to Archangel and to the Pacific Ocean, and each Slavonic nation must accept that language as a means of communication with the others.'

'Yes, yes,' rejoined a Bulgarian deputy, the Slaves ought to have a common literature, and we have one language perfectly adapted for this purpose '*the Russian*.'

The Congress was soon followed by a great banquet, given by the town in the Sokolinski forest, the Bois de Boulogne of Moscow, and on this occasion a perplexing theme which appeared to have been hitherto eschewed by a kind of tacit consent was boldly propounded and grappled with.

M. Pogochini, a professor belonging to the extreme Russian party, rose and admitted that in the affecting scene of Pansclavic unity and brotherhood which met his eye, there was one flaw 'Our banquet is not yet complete; I do not see the Poles! where are they? Alas! they alone of all the Slaves hold themselves aloof, and whilst all the children of the same nationality are embracing each other in this place they continue to be the allies of the hereditary foes of our race. Nevertheless let us not for ever exclude them from our family, and let us hope that some time they may recover from their blindness and confess their faults. Ah! if they would but forget the past, renounce their enmity, and throw themselves upon the affection of our beloved sovereign. The joy of the Russians and Slaves would then be complete.' The heart of the next speaker, M. Aksakov, was but little touched by these sentimental effusions; he defined the mission of Russia to be that of working out, in all liberty, the fraternity of the Slaves,' and added that every Slavonic people which became unfaithful to this mission, which turned away from its brethren, and denied them, denied, in so doing, its own existence, and must, therefore, perish. 'Such,' said he 'is the [immutable law of Slavonic history.'

M. Rieges, the Bohemian *savant*, next rose. Reminding his hearers that in '63, at a time when the sympathies of all Western Europe had been with the Poles, his companion, M. Palacky, and himself had always pronounced themselves against the insurrection; he declared that however grievously Poland had sinned against Russia both in the past and in the present he yet bitterly deplored the schism between the two nations, which was a scandal to the great cause so dear to all present, and which even might become a serious danger to it. 'So long as this implacable hatred subsists, so long as one Slavonic nation remains outside the pale of our Pansclavic Congress, so long as one Slavonic nation persists in opposition to the rest, there can be neither concord for us nor success for our common life. If the struggle between Russians and Poles continues, what surety have we that the latter will not call to their assistance at some favourable moment the German nation, whose military power is become so formidable.'



This speech was but sorrily received, in spite of its ample and very serious acknowledgment of the manifold offences committed by Poland against Russia, it was considered to be far too lenient towards the offenders, and was even believed to advocate timidly the granting of certain concessions by the offended party, in the interests of peace and concord. This spirit was certainly not that of the audience, and accordingly a personage who had already acquired a wide notoriety in connection with the Polish difficulties, Prince Tcherkaskoi, at once rose in reply to the previous orator. He first undertook to demonstrate, statistics in hand, that the 'several Vistulan Governments of the Empire (he refused to designate the kingdom of Poland otherwise than by this term) were quite as indulgently administered as the other provinces of the Czar; they had the same tribunals, the same schools, and the same taxation, that, in one respect, indeed, they were actually privileged, as the duty on brandy was much lower than elsewhere. 'These facts will, I think, suffice to tranquillise your own conscience and that of all Russia before Europe and before our Slavonic brethren.' As to political rights, they did not exist in Poland before 1815. In that year Russia endowed Poland with political liberty, but this benefit the Poles have for ever forfeited by their revolts of 1830 and 1863.

A perfect frenzy of acclamation was excited by the conclusion of this speech, which the orator ended in these terms:—"When the children of Poland shall of themselves return under the common roof of the family not as refractory children, but like the prodigal son of the Gospel—full of contrition and of lowly repentance—then we will open out our arms widely to receive them, and we will kill for that joyous occasion the fattest calf among our herds."

We will not waste time unprofitably by attempting to qualify the system of reasoning on the Polish question adopted by all the speakers at the banquet, and carried to its climax by Prince Tcherkaskoi; we will merely observe that to find any parallel to it we must go back to the well-known dialogue wherein La Fontaine's wolf propounded his grievances against the lamb he was about to devour.

This gathering, at which thirty thousand were stated to have been present, in addition to the six hundred guests invited to the banquet, formed the last incident of the Moscow Holy Week, and the strangers, after a brief excursion to Cronstadt, returned to their respective homes. The effect on their countrymen of the accounts given by them of their Russian tour must not be measured by the degree of personal and social influence possessed by the greater number of the travellers themselves: the sensation was very great; and both in Russia and among the foreign slaves the impression desired by the Pansclavists was tho-

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roughly produced. The *Moscow Gazette* was more than ever confident that all would shortly be for the best in the best possible of Slavonic worlds; and even *La Correspondance Russe*, the intimate organ of the St. Petersburg Court, was not prevented by official reticence from publishing a very complacent estimate of the results achieved. After stating with great emphasis the self-evident historic axiom that the Russian Government had at all times desired the greatest good of the Slavonic races "without the slightest afterthought of ambition," it proceeded as follows:—"These premises established, it cannot be expected of us that we should give a denial to our past. We must then make our guests believe that they came into the midst of a sister-people from whom they have everything to expect without having anything to fear from her. Should it now occur to them to make a comparison between their own political condition and ours, we shall not be so imbecile as to prove to them that they are in the most favourable conditions of Slavonic development. Their condition we consider on the contrary a faulty one, and we have often said so, and we repeat it with emphasis."

Since the date of the Congress the Russian party have filled the Austrian provinces with an active propaganda which never slackens, and whose influence has gained the capital itself. A Russian journal, bearing the significant title of *L'Aurore Slave*, has been founded in Vienna, and the College of St. Barbe, an institution existing there for the training of priests belonging to the United Greek confession, has been partially won over to the Muscovite views, and freely used to multiply Transclavic agents. In the meantime the spirit of the new policy lately entered upon by the Emperor Francis Joseph, prevents his Ministers from employing any measures of severe coercion to counteract these tendencies.

It is, therefore, becoming more and more evident that the attitude of Russia since the Sadowa campaign has 'set a dangerous stone a-rolling,' whose course the Vienna Government has not yet been able to arrest. Its unceasing and perplexing difficulties with the Czech provinces, which have for the last years steadily refused to elect their members for the Imperial Diet, the growing tendency of the Bohemian journals to invoke the name of Russia whenever they are the least dissatisfied, and even the popularity recently gained among the Slavonic populations by the Russian national hymn—all these are so many signs of the time which point to grave and serious peril.

The best chances for Austria, after the adjustment of her own internal crisis, arise from the changed attitude towards her of Prussia, who is beginning to feel that she has interests in common with the House of Hapsburg against the further progress of her gigantic and aggressive Northern neighbour.



The cordial understanding lately established between the Austrian and Prussian Courts will, if maintained, exercise a moral force sufficient to keep the Muscovite ambition in check for many years to come; and the Czar's acceptance of the Berlin Interview must be considered as a signal act of deference to the combined authority of the two reconciled States, still the good effects of the meeting can hardly be other than personal and temporary, as no conversion, however sincere, of the present Russian sovereign to the cause of peace could have the slightest power to bind the policy of his Empire on the next change of reign.

We may, therefore, expect that Russia will, sooner or later, raise the banner of Pansclavism in a public and official manner. This would, of course, become the signal for a gigantic and terrible war, Russia's defeat in which would result in the curtailment of her Western provinces, and would, to a certain extent, serve to throw her energies back upon Asia, whereas her ultimate victory would probably involve consequences for the Teutonic people similar to those which the day of Chaeronea had for the old Hellenic commonwealths.

We cannot conclude these reflections without remarking that the transactions described above are suggestive of an emphatic compliment, which no man of good faith can withhold from the creators and leaders of modern philosophy.

During the century which has elapsed since their doctrines first began to exert an influence over all who have directed and presided over human affairs, the dealings of these latter with those subject to them, have been marked by certain decorous refinements of form, manner and style which were utterly unknown to the coarser genius of former ages.

The Neros and Domitians of Tacitus' era, when they sought to rid themselves of a wealthy or over-distinguished citizen, contented themselves with sending to him, by a centurion, the simple message, 'It is Caesar's will that you cease to live;' but the Jacobin dictator of the Terror, himself an accomplished and thoroughgoing adept of the 18th century school, was prevented by his principles, and by the scruples of his conscience, from emptying the prisons, till he had first procured from the National Convention an enactment forming his creatures and underlings into numerous courts of justice each of which was limited by a humane restriction to sixty capital sentences a day.

The men of the old Roman Commonwealth finding the neighbourhood of an ill-affected rival thoroughly unwelcome to them, disposed of its existence by the terse formula, '*Delenda est Carthago*;' but the Paris of '93, desiring to make an example of a city which had resisted their methods of government, gave effect to their intentions by a decree to

the effect that Lyons, now wrested from the grasp of traitors and aristocrats, and restored to the power of grand citizens, should henceforth appear on the map of France as 'Commune Affranchie.'

And finally we read that the Grand Monarch of classical times, about to annex territories that were not his, expressed his good pleasure thus 'King Artaxerxes thinks it just that the Greek cities of Asia Minor, together with the islands of the Ægean Sea, should belong to him;' whereas the great autocrat of our time, a Potentate of modern and liberal ideas, was gracious enough, when desirous of removing his neighbour's landmarks, to begin by affably taking mankind into the confidence of his motives to explain that in all he may propose doing, he is prompted solely by the most Platonic desire for the greatest good of the slaves, and that, himself 'without the slightest afterthought of ambition,' he merely seeks to bring about 'the mighty future which Providence reserves for the great Slavonic nationality.'



# SONNETS

ON THE OCCUPATION OF ROME, SEPT. 20, 1870.

— ♦ —  
 'Thou hast great allies:  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.'  
*Wordsworth to Toussaint L'Ouverture.*

## I.

THIS is the day, which in Time's teeming womb  
 Yearned to behold the sunlight and be free;  
 Day at whose dawn desired the long night's gloom  
 Breaks, and the light leaps forth, and Italy  
 Stands crowned and risen beside the cloven tomb,  
 Her years of shame and sleep and slavery.  
 And with one voice this day of her new doom  
 Joins with the solemn sound of days to be,  
 And Alp to Apennine, and tide to tide,  
 And multitude to multitude reply:—  
 Alas! that in such hour her eyes grow dim,  
 Seeing where she hath cast her noblest down to die,  
 And in her soul one still voice should abide,  
 Her own soul's voice rebuking her for him.

## II.

Fair land, fair love, to new hope born new-blessed,  
 What hast thou done to him who from thy dead  
 Cold ashes blew the fire of hope long fled?  
 Where is he now, the seer, the dream-possessed?  
 O would that for thy crown there still might rest  
 The sunlight of his presence o'er thee shed,  
 A deathless splendour for that queenly head,  
 Now pillowed on the adulterous royal breast!

Here is the exultation, here the light  
 A flame within the hearts that greet thee home ;  
 O shame, O shame if now thou cast away  
 The soul that through thy long laborious night  
 Poured out its life to aid thee, if the day  
 Might see his spirit's sun and rise on Rome.

## III.

But thou, though prison-bars thy feet confine,  
 Not Italy's own self shall separate  
 Her fate, Mazzini, from thy holiest fate,  
 Nor any power divide her past from thine ;  
 Nor of her future disinherit thee,  
 Whose soul is mixed into the air that fills  
 Her vales, and haunts her cities, and blows free  
 Upon the sacred heights of all her hills.  
 Yea, and though she forget, if love divine  
 And faith immortal and life dedicate  
 To her, and self for her annihilate  
 May yet from grief and scorn thy heart release,  
 Still in thine eyes joy perfected shall shine,  
 And in thy soul the multitude of peace.

## IV.

Thou that art fire within our souls, O Soul,  
 As fire through all the years to set men free,  
 One with the spirit of man indissolubly,  
 To fan, to inflame, to soften and control.  
 How should blame dim for thee the radiant goal,  
 For whom there sings with thunder of the sea  
 The voice of the regenerate years to be,  
 The solemn ceaseless years that onward roll ?  
 And thee they praise, O thou whose steadfast eyes  
 No fear nor hope from highest heaven could bend,  
 Still striving till the day-star shall arise,  
 Still speaking hope, our father and our friend,  
 And set to seek the day that never dies,  
 And faithful, faithful, faithful to the end.

A. C. BRADLEY.



## MODERN ATHLETICISM.

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It is the fashion at the present day, amongst a certain set of people, to speak disparagingly of the age in which we live, to be perpetually instituting unfavourable comparisons between it and some previous era which these *laudatores temporis acti* have taken under their especial protection. Thus, we are for ever being reminded of 'good old days' that never existed; of the power of the elder dramatists, and the weakness of their successors; of the greatness of deceased generations of actors and the feebleness of those who now hold a place upon the boards; of the deficiency of rising statesmen; and—a comparatively new cry—of the decline of the English thoroughbred from the stamina of his progenitors. These are some of the points which are more commonly insisted on; but there are others which, though less frequently heard, strike, if true, even more deeply at the root of our national greatness. We have degenerated, we are told, from the unselfish patriotism and warlike spirit of our ancestors; we are inferior to them in courage, endurance, and physical strength. The former of these charges, serious, humiliating as it is, may possibly be well founded; there are not wanting circumstances, at any rate, which afforded it at least a colourable support; but it is difficult to understand what arguments can be adduced in favour of the latter. There never was a time since the English became a nation when out-door amusements and public games of all kinds were so thoroughly popular as at the present moment, when the opportunities of competition were so numerous, or the renown to be gained in athletic contests so wide, and when we might, therefore, reasonably look for so high a standard of average muscularity from the men of the day. Some of our knightly ancestors, doubtless, were men of mark, and proved their prowess on many a stricken field; but, after all, the tilt-yard and the tournament were mainly the prerogatives of one class, and, even in that, did perhaps more to promote a dexterity in the management of arms than a healthy physical development. Nowadays, however, cricket, football, volun-

teering, rowing, those competitions which we name emphatically athletic sports, are common passtime for all, and the muscular tendencies of the age exert a direct influence upon the physical and moral well-being of the nation.

We are not greatly concerned to answer the charge of those who maintain that what they term the 'athletic mania' has hitherto proved detrimental to the studies of the rising generation. Besides being an accusation so vague and general in its terms that it is difficult to combat it by argument, the people who make it are inclined, we believe, to forget to how great an extent the *mens sana* is dependent upon the *corpus sanum*; whilst, on the other hand, it might fairly be urged that a race of effeminate enfeebled bookworms scarcely forms, especially in these days of gigantic armaments, the most trustworthy bulwark of a nation's liberties, and that the men from whose conduct the charge derives the greatest amount of apparent support are the reverse of studious, and who, if they did not devote themselves to some athletic pursuit, would probably expend their superfluous energies in a less creditable fashion.

It is, in truth, in occasional vain attempts to combine dissipation with athleticism that one of the more specious objections brought against the latter by anxious parents and others finds its strongest support. 'Behold,' these people cry, pointing to some mere wreck of manhood, 'the ruinous results of over exertion. What guarantee have I that my son, or some one in whom I take an interest, may not pay the penalty of his folly in a similar way?' Absolutely none, my dear madam: but permit me to say that, having regard merely to probabilities, your son is far less likely to suffer in health if he plays his part in the athleticism of the day than if he ignores it. It is perfectly true that men have retired from the athletic arena with broken-down constitutions; it is equally so that, in an incomparable majority of cases, these men have taken at least as high a degree in dissipation as they have in athletics; whilst it is notorious that every *roué* who has once taken a part in his college sports, or won a pewter in a scatch eight at some insignificant regatta, considers himself entitled to ascribe every bodily ill that flesh is heir to from which he may thereafter suffer to the pernicious results of the severe training which he did *not* undergo. We do not pretend to deny that in some few instances men have been more or less permanently injured by injudicious over-exertion, and have paid the penalty in varicose veins or cardiac weakness; but we do say that these cases are wholly exceptional, and that, in a vast majority of instances, athleticism gets the credit of results which are really due to a far different cause. Let us even venture to insinuate a doubt whether the evil consequences



which are occasionally directly traceable to it are too heavy a price to pay for the benefits which, from another point of view, we obtain from it. For every man whom it injures modern athleticism saves a dozen. It is not only that it serves, as a rule, to brace the nerves, strengthen the sinews, and generally preserve and improve the health of its votaries; this would be much, but it is not all. Besides this it is the relentless enemy of dissipation. That and even moderate excellence in athleticism are absolutely incompatible. Take your choice, my young friend; but rest assured that it is simply impossible that you should have both. Join in a fast set, and you must resign all idea of holding your own among the devotees of muscle and wind; choose athletic pursuits, and, whatever may be the special line which you adopt, whether you aspire to greatness in the cricket field, on the river, or on the ashen path, it will be equally above all things necessary that you should live 'soberly, rightaously, and godly.'

In opposition, however, to the good which modern athleticism has thus accomplished there is one way in which that peculiar development of it which finds its outlet in running and walking matches has exerted, and appears likely to continue to exert,—an influence the reverse of elevating upon the moral tone of the youth of the day. This unfavourable influence is to be found in the union of a system of handicapping with the practice of giving costly prizes. It seems scarcely necessary now-a-days, when the athletic meetings of the more important clubs find a record in the daily press, to explain the meaning of the term 'handicapping.' Briefly, it may be defined as an arrangement by which men are allowed in a race a certain number of yards or seconds start which bears an inverse ratio to their supposed capabilities. Some such concession to inferiority may be, and doubtless is, very necessary. It serves to bring together large fields, and without it 'athletic sports' could, perhaps, hardly continue to exist. All the prizes would fall into the hands of a select few, and those who were unable to compete with them would speedily discover their deficiency and cease to persevere in subjecting themselves to a perpetual series of defeats. At the same time there is only too much reason to fear that the system of handicapping is rapidly introducing into athletic sports those evil practices which it has so conspicuously contributed to rendering common on the turf. Everyone who has taken any interest in racing must have heard with a lamentable frequency of horses that have been 'saved' for some particular event, of animals that 'haven't tried a yard,' or that have been 'running to get off weight,' all of which simply means that in some race or races they have not been allowed to do their best with the object of misleading handicappers as to their capabilities, and when they have thus got

allotted to them in some important race a lighter weight than they ought justly to carry, and have thereby considerably increased their chances of winning, and of enabling their owners to back them for a heavy sum at long odds. In a similar way it is not an uncommon thing for men to run badly in some race for a small prize in order that they may obtain a longer start, and with it an increased prospect of success, in a race for which the prize is of greater value. It is needless to point out that the chances of detection are infinitesimally small, and that the difficulties of substantiating a charge of such a nature are almost insurmountable. After a man attains to a certain violence of effort it is next to impossible for an on-looker to decide whether he is really doing his utmost; still more, in races above a certain distance, it is difficult, after a man has reached a certain pitch of exhaustion, to judge whether he is really beaten, or only assuming to be so, whilst he can always find an excuse for his defeat in 'want of condition.' We are convinced, nevertheless, that the majority of running men will bear us out in saying that cases of suspicion are constantly occurring, and that there are many every season in which, although legal proof may be wanting, moral conviction is carried to the minds of all; and it is difficult to see in what way these endeavours to obtain an unfair advantage in some future race occupy, from a moral point of view, a different position to cheating at cards, or any of those other forms of swindling which unfortunately so seldom land those who practice them within the precincts of the police court.

Handicapping is, as we have said, probably a necessity to the popularity, or even the very existence of athletic sports; it is, at any rate, far too firmly established an institution for us to enter upon a Quixotic attempt to uproot it; and evils such as we are referring to are probably its inevitable results, as they would be the results of any system which put a premium upon incapacity, simulated or real. At the same time there can be no doubt that the intrinsic value of the prizes offered for competition has had much to do with the existence of the present state of things. Men don't gamble with their own muscles as they do with those dice upon four legs, which they call racehorses, and the system of betting has not yet taken sufficient hold upon the athletic world to enable large or even small fortunes to be, as a rule, lost or won on a foot-race. It is the prizes that are the temptation, and every one who has served upon the committee of an Athletic Club is well aware how large and direct an influence upon the number of entries is exerted by the value of the cups offered. Men run for the sake of winning a prize worth five, or ten, or twenty guineas, and not for the sake of the honour of beating others, and the result is that they are not careful what means they employ to attain the object of the



ambition. We would not wish to be thought to imply that all or even the greater number of running men are actuated merely by such mercenary motives; our remarks apply only to a class, but to a class which is sufficiently numerous for its mode of procedure to have acquired distinct recognition. We believe that the majority of athletes are as averse to such conduct as they are to that system of 'pot-hunting' (with which, by the way, it is not remotely connected) which is common among a certain set, and which, in the athletic calibre of the men whom it sometimes induces to run at an insignificant suburban meeting, produces results not dissimilar to sending the winner of the Derby to pick up a Fifty Pound Plate at Newmarket. At the same time, there is no doubt that the present system of innumerable handicaps and costly prizes thrusts great and unnecessary temptation in the way of needy 'pot-hunters,' and that numerous class whose ideas of honour are of a slightly elastic nature, and who have a tendency to depend to a considerable extent upon the pecuniary aspect of each individual case.

What, then, is to be done? It is obvious that the existing state of things tends to foster a desire to gain prizes for the sake of their sterling value—too often, unfortunately, for the sake of the money that can be raised upon them—and that this desire and the means by which, as we have pointed out, it is frequently sought to gratify it must of necessity exercise a demoralizing influence upon those who fall within its sphere. Nor is this a matter in which those alone are interested, who being themselves competitors, suffer from the nefarious practices which we have indicated. The whole nation is concerned in preventing the currency of a degraded moral tone, a blunted sense of honour, among the youth of the day. But it is no new discovery that it is much easier to place one's finger upon a sore than to suggest a cure. The only remedy that, in the present instance, would appear to possess any claim to completeness would be to remove the temptation by discontinuing the presentation of costly prizes. Human nature, however, is after all but frail, and it is, perhaps, somewhat Utopian to hope that, under such altered conditions, athletic sports could long continue to flourish, or that men would be willing habitually to compete for honour and a mere symbol of victory. The way out of the difficulty which appears the most feasible is, as not infrequently happens, a compromise. The basis of it is to be found in the system of Challenge cups, which is already so popular. Let every athletic club give, once a year, a handsome trophy for each distance at which it proposes that a race shall be run, and let it be understood that the winner of one of these prizes shall hold it for a certain period, say one year, and shall then return it to the club, to be again put up for competition, receiving

in return a silver medal of comparatively small intrinsic value, but precious as a badge of victory, and we shall then soon cease to hear of amateurs emulating professionals in their 'running dark' and 'roping' propensities. We ought in reason to have one of two things. Either let an athletic contest be a strife into which men enter for the purpose of winning for winning's sake, or else let it be understood that for gentlemen directly or indirectly to derive pecuniary benefit from winning a race is an honourable and legitimate mode of supplying the deficiencies of their incomes; and if this be so, let us cast aside all subterfuge and frankly and honestly admit the fact; let the narrow line which now separates a certain class of 'gentlemen amateurs' from those who are avowedly mainly dependent for their livelihood on their strength of limb be removed; and then, by all means, let us have the prizes bestowed in coin.

W. TURLEY.

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# IN PURSUIT OF SLAVERS.

BY LIEUT. J. A. CHALLICE, R.N.

On the 24th June, 1868, H.M.S. N——, of which I was Second Lieutenant, quitted Aden for a cruise in the Mozambique. Other of H.M. vessels were shortly to follow us, and Jack Arab would soon, we trusted, feel our presence once more. The fact was that for the past half-year the slave trade had been almost left to itself, nearly the whole of H.M. fleet having been employed in the Red Sea during the Abyssinian business. The day before we left port a welcome addition was made to our complement in the shape of an Arab interpreter, who belonged to H.M.S. P——; but as that vessel was under orders for England, this individual transferred his services to us, in the hope of being eventually restored to his beloved Zanzibar. He bore the nickname of 'Dolly,' and measured about 5ft. 8in. He was dressed in a dirty white gown reaching to his knees, and confined at the waist by a red sash, in which was inserted an ugly-looking poignard; over this he wore a blue jacket, open in front, and garnished with a double row of miscellaneous buttons; his head was protected by a red cloth, folded urban-wise; his legs were bare, and the naked feet were inserted in a pair of old slippers. The brown visage of this individual was strongly marked, and sundry black scars about the face suggested an idea of its having been subjected to a blasting process, the nose being very and the eyes crossed. But with all this he was an intelligent fellow, and quickly became somewhat of a favourite with us. We arrived at the lovely island of Mahé on the 8th July, and, after filling up with coal, &c., gave the men the first run ashore they had had for many months, and great was the consumption of fresh grub. The Seychelles are the sanatorium of the east coast, and the inhabitants might be well off, since every man-of-war leaves several hundred pounds behind her in exchange for fresh provisions, &c.

On 17th July we quitted Mahé with yet another addition, in the shape of a huge turtle, who, lying quiet all day, got particularly lively about 4.30 a.m., during the operation of washing decks, wriggling his neck and head, and playing a tattoo on the deck with his flappers, in his delight when the hose was played on him. One fine morning my friend was missing, turtle soup and steaks explaining his whereabouts.

Towards the evening of the 24th July we entered the vast bay of Passandava, on N.W. coast of Madagascar. I cannot say how many miles long and wide it is, but within it are many islands, and its shores are indented with numerous coves, and lined with villages, some of which are inhabited by Malagash slave dealers. Dhows kidnap the poor African from his native land, and, running across the Mozambique from shore to shore, land the poor wretch on the Malagash coast, whence he is conveyed inland to a fate we hardly know anything of, I had had charge of the deck since 8 p.m., and it was 11 p.m. ere we anchored, when the boat was manned and armed, and the captain sent for me to give instructions. I finally quitted the cabin, and my heart leaped with joy and excitement, as, buckling on my sword, I descended into the boat. With a 'keep silence, my lads,' I gave the order to shove off into the dense darkness that overshadowed us like a pall. I caused the man who pulled the starboard bow to lay his oar in face forward, and, keeping eyes and ears open, to pass the word aft if he saw anything. I also directed the Mid. to keep a look-out on his side, while on my part I strove to pierce the blackness by means of a powerful pair of double-barrels. About half-an-hour passed thus, when a bright light shone half-a-mile off. I directed the coxswain to steer for it, and on approaching we perceived a solitary native in a canoe. 'Ish-h-h!' sang the torch, as he, startled at our approach, extinguished it in the water, and all was again dark, our efforts to catch him being in vain. I believe he was placed there as a decoy, for the well-known sound of surf breaking struck on our ears, and as our eyes became more accustomed to the gloom, I perceived a long line of breakers which fringed the shore. Skirting the broken water, we at length entered a cove, and I was gladdened by the word being passed to me 'Two Dhows at anchor, right ahead.' We boarded the first, but found her full of rice, and I gave orders to call off and proceed to the other, on board which was some commotion. I scrambled up the side, and a dusky-looking individual seemed inclined to oppose my entrance, but, seizing him, I placed him in charge of the coxswain, and with the interpreter searched the vessel. Only five the crew were on board, but she was fitted as a slaver; moreover, we found one little slave therein, a lad of five or six. I got the Dhow



anchor up, and taking her in tow, we arrived on board with our prize about 8 a.m.

Passandava appears a very nest of slavers, as before finally quitting the bay we captured four, to which, after towing them out to sea and lashing them together, we gave the *coup de grace*, by steaming round them in a circle and bombarding them with our guns until sunk.

Passing over many similar events to that described above, on 20th August, the ship being hove to off the African coast, I was despatched in charge of a cutter to search Mikindany creeks, which having done, I was to rejoin my ship twenty miles further down the coast. On rounding the point, I beheld several dhows at anchor off a native village, and boarded the whole under the menacing aspect of a crowd of natives assembled on the shore. Out of the lot I secured one prize, and, by what the slave captain let drop in answer to 'Dolly,'\* I suspected that her cargo of slaves was in a barracoon on shore. I accordingly landed, and forming my men two deep, marched up to demand them. A chief approached and offered me a stool to sit on, but I declined. Over a hundred wild-looking beings were congregated around us, and a false step might prove fatal. I explained my wish by means of 'Dolly,' and was met by prevarication. It was now rapidly growing dark, and the natives pressed round closer, so audibly handling my revolver, I directed the men to look to their rifles, and we edged back to the boat, which I had perceived was aground, indeed, it was regularly entangled in the branches of a submerged tree, and we all had wet jackets before we again got afloat, when I lost no time in securing my prize, and getting the anchor up, I took her in tow. It was now quite dark, and I confess I was glad to leave the place unmolested; but our adventures might yet have had a tragic ending, as in passing through the narrow entrance into the open water beyond, a regular discharge of muskets was kept up at us, though with such bad aim that we were not hit once. Being clear of the bay, I anchored my prize and the boat, and keeping one man to look out, gave my crew their suppers and grog, and after a pipe they went to sleep. I could not sleep, but smoked and watched. I had to rouse the men up once, as the tide running out, my prize began to bump on the coral; so we towed her further out, and the men again rested. At daylight I placed two men in charge of the dhow, and taking the slave captain and his head man as hostages for the good behaviour of the rest of

\* This proceeding was understood subsequently to be somewhat at variance with the 'Instructions,' although we were not aware of this at the time.

the crew, I proceeded to search the remaining creeks, but with no further success; so I returned to my prize, and a breeze springing up made sail on her. The stench of the dhow made me as sick as possible.

A canoe was observed coming after us, a black therein paddling like a maniac. On reaching us he clambered up the side, letting his boat drift away uncared for, and dropping on his knees before me, uttered a lot of gibberish. The interpreter explained that it was a runaway slave who had been ill-treated and sought our protection; indeed, the weals on his back were all-sufficient to prove the ill-usage, so of course I took him. We got on board with our prize about 4 p.m., and I slept sixteen hours like a top, waking up all right.

In a future paper I hope to recount some further incidents of our cruise, in which we captured ten slave dhows. The liberated slaves being retained on board our vessel, the slave captains and their crews landed, and their dhows destroyed. The female slaves lived on one side our quarter-deck, the males being on the other. The poor creatures soon got over their apathetic fear, and brightened up under the influence of kindness and good food. One little girl of thirteen, found her way one night into the engine room and coiled herself on a mat, evidently liking the extreme heat, and went to sleep as calmly as possible. Poor thing she did not like being sent on deck again, where they were covered with a large piece of canvas during the night and huddled together beneath it.

The ladies were gradually clothed in odds and ends, from the spoils of our captures, and appeared to have a natural sense of decency—the males merely had a cloth round their loins, and cared for nothing so much as a drop of oil to polish their black bodies with. These poor creatures were fed regularly with boiled rice and beans; round a large wooden platter of which they squatted down, and working the rice into balls with their hands, munched with great content. Those ladies who were mothers, occasionally squeezing a morsel into the open mouths of their infants who were carried in bags on their mother's backs. I saw one child placed on the deck, and he put me in mind of nothing so much as an india-rubber doll, but he paddled about on his pins in quite a wonderful fashion. Some of the females had the right nostril pierced for ornaments, but earrings are let into the lobe level with the skin; some had a round hole in their upper lip, the white teeth glistening through, which had a horrible appearance.

Others had their faces stained with red and black lines, but the youngest were comparatively free from these disfigurements, and nothing delighted them so much as a few beads—which, with a



piece of string they would work first into a bracelet for the arm, and then into a necklace. At the completion of each operation, they would strut up and down the deck, turning their woolly heads round in search of admiration, and laughing if they thought they obtained it. I cannot say that they blushed—and by-the-bye as niggers are *said* to blush blue, I am sorry I never caught the particular tint.

## A LADY'S VISIT TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

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IN the spring of 1873, that is the African spring, which commences in the month of September, my husband, my father, and even my mother, who all lived in Natal, became seized with what is commonly called in colonial parlance the 'diamond fever.' The success which had crowned the efforts of some of the parties from the colony already at the fields; the excitement caused by the knowledge that friends were about to try their 'luck;' and, I must own, the sneaking ambition of bettering my condition by becoming the proprietor, it might be in half-an-hour, of a brilliant fortune, all tended to increase the desire to be 'off to the diggings' as fast as possible. My father and husband both occupied offices in the colony, and so it soon became evident that neither of them could leave their posts to accompany us. They, however, had no objection to my mother and I undertaking the journey if we were willing, and promised they would find the wherewithal to fit out the means for travelling, and to provide us with the necessary provisions for a camp life for six or eight months. At one time I thought that for us to go alone would be out of the question; the journey to the fields would occupy about a month; we should have to pass through a country partly occupied by natives only; over immense unwooded plains, the habitation only of countless herds of antelopes; and when we did reach the fields we should there find numbers of persons from all parts of the globe, unawed by any authority, and fearless alike of any person or persons. How could two women, accompanied by only half-a-dozen Zulus, strangers too to the people and country, venture upon such an undertaking? We might lose all our luggage and never even reach our destination, and instead of returning the possessors of diamonds we might never see one. These thoughts made our plans flag considerably; but my mother, who possessed plenty of energy combined with great coolness and de-



termination, set about a course which finally overcame these difficulties. She had some brothers whose circumstances fully warranted them in seeking to improve them. These she exhorted to try a journey to the diamond fields, as presenting a fair chance of success. It was not difficult to persuade them. The European African of Dutch descent likes no life so much as to roam free and easy through the country, with his waggon for his castle, his vrow (wife) and children for company, and his rifle to supply the larder. It was soon decreed that our journey was to take place, and I was duly summoned to leave the coast and join my mother at Pietermaritzburg to make the necessary preparations.

On reaching Pietermaritzburg, the seat of the Governor of Natal, I found that a waggon and oxen, for the use of my mother and myself, had already been purchased, and that the former was being fitted up with every care for our comfort, being made perfectly watertight above a precaution which should not be lost sight of by any one travelling in Africa, where the sun is most powerful, and the traveller in the spring and summer is liable nearly every afternoon to thunderstorms, accompanied with very heavy rain and sometimes hail. An African ox-waggon, when properly made and fitted, is perhaps the most comfortable and most safe conveyance that can be imagined. Sugar, flour, mealie-meal, tea, salt, and all imaginable groceries were now procured and packed with a view to the saving of room in our waggon, which was to be our dining-room, bed-room, and store for six months at least. Our waggon was lined all through, on the inside, with green baize, having curtains of the same stuff at the sides and both ends; none but those who have experienced the heat of a canvas tent on a hot sunny day, can appreciate the vast improvement produced by the use of a woollen lining, or, on the other hand, its comfort on a cold or wet night. The day of our departure was fixed for the 30th November, 1870, and on that day we started, wending our way slowly up what is called the Town Hill, rendered muddy and slippery by a heavy thunderstorm and rain during the night before. Beyond our team of oxen, jibbing once or twice on the face of the abominable hill, we reached the top without further incident, and travelled on to the Umgeni River, and for the first time occupied our waggon for every purpose. The next day we reached the residence of those of my mother's relatives who were to join our party; we found them in great bustle, for, as some of them had to take with them their stock of cattle, sheep and horses, indeed, all they possessed, their proceeding required much more care than did those of my mother and myself. The result was that we were detained until the 5th December, when we got off at last, forming quite a calvacade with our five waggons, sheep, goats,

cattle, horses, dogs, and poultry. Before starting, in addition to my mother's faithful old servant, Uflatella, we were joined by four of our natives.

On the evening of the fifth we slept at Kar Kloof, a deep rivulet. The lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the sheep and goats, and the noise of the horses, caused chiefly by the first removal from their usual place of abode, seemed to cast a confused and somewhat melancholy feeling over the scene.

On the 6th December we were up early: the sun shone out on a beautiful clear blue sky, perfectly cloudless, such as is nowhere so beautiful as in this part of Africa. Our cavalcade moved on after breakfasting on some cold buck, a dish not to be despised when properly dressed.

On the eighth we reached the grand river called the Jugela, on which stands the village of Colenso, so named in honour of the bishop of Natal. We passed a place called Moort Spruit (Murder Brook) famous in the history of the colony from the fact of its having been the scene of a most distressing and heart-rending conflict between the Dutch and the Zulus, in the year 1838. The Dutch having been the pioneers in the occupation of the country claimed by the Zulu nation, many very serious conflicts took place between them; the Zulus resisting its occupation by white people, and the latter being as determined in their object. At Moort Spruit a camp of waggons occupied chiefly by women and children, and some men to protect them, were overpowered by the Zulus, and about 250 women and children were cruelly put to death, and the waggons and other property destroyed. My mother, then a child, was not far from this scene at the time, and her father assisted to remove the bodies. The country round about the spot is very prettily dotted with mimosa trees, while here and there the ruins of native habitations of great apparent age, and built in circular form of round boulders, are to be seen. These are almost all that remain of a people evidently numerous, judging from the number of these ruins. They are said to have been exterminated by the Zulus in the reign, or perhaps before that, of "Chaka." The Jugela River being flooded we were compelled to betake ourselves to the punt or floating bridge. We found about fifty waggons waiting on either side of the river to be put across. By good luck we all got over about midday on the 9th December, after which, a thunderstorm coming on, we did not advance on our journey much farther.

Once more we partook of what we considered a sumptuous breakfast kindly provided for us by Captain Lucas at the "Dew Drop Hotel," which we reached on the 10th December. The next day, being Sunday, we halted.



On the Monday we made but little advance. Every one acquainted with African travelling knows the horrid mud holes which, after heavy rain, are found in the road. They have the appearance of a shuddering quick-sand, or rather quick-mud, and threaten to swallow up the waggon or animal that gets into them. These now became very frequent and troublesome, causing many delays. One of our waggons got into one, but was luckily soon extricated. On the 13th December we ascended the steep pass over the Quathlamba or Drakensberg. The sight from the top of the mountain-range is something one does not often see, presenting grandeur and an expanse of view as far as the eye can reach. It took us two hours and a half to get to the top of the range where we stopped. Our next journey took us over the boundary of the Natal colony into the territory of the Orange River Free State. This state was once a British settlement, and called the sovereignty, but it was given up to the inhabitants by the English as not being worth keeping. The scenery on the Drakensberg is most beautiful, the clear and cool water flowing down the brooks on beds of moss, and skirted by ferns in great variety on each side, and the grand cliffs present a most refreshing and pretty sight.

We made another start, but were soon compelled to stop, owing to eight waggons sticking in mud-holes, so as completely to impair our progress for that day. We passed the graves and monument of four men named Pretorius. These men, and another man named Smit were returning to their farms in the Transvaal Republic, from Pietermaritzburg, in 1865. At this time the Basutus and the people of the Orange Free State were at war, and the former made what is commonly called a raid, which in its course extended into the British territory of Natal, and meeting the Pretorius' with two waggons, they attacked them and soon killed them. The body of Smit was never found, and it is said that he strove to save his life by running, and was killed some distance from the others. There was one woman with the party, the wife of one of the Pretorius', who had a child. These poor creatures were not killed; they, however, witnessed the bloody tragedy, and that and their subsequent treatment would have rendered death a happy relief. They were forced to accompany the waggons and other property, which the Basutus took with them. After taking this poor woman with them and keeping her for two or three days, she was cast adrift in the wilderness with her child and left to her fate. After torture almost indescribable, she reached Harrysmith (so-called after General Sir Harry Smith). Her sufferings were very great, and her fortitude was not less. Providence, however, as if to prevent further torture by the recollection of these

dreadful events destroyed her reason, and she is now, and in all probability always will be, idiotic.

On the 14th of December we were still stopped by the sticking waggons, and in addition to this our oxen had strayed. We got off, however, at about one o'clock, and passed the first instalment of mud-holes until we reached the Wilge River (Willow River), and here we came dreadfully to grief. On the 15th of December we commenced fording the Wilge River. The waggons got over fairly enough, and so did the cattle and horses; the sheep, however, gave considerable trouble. The river was flooded to a great extent, and the sheep could not be got into the water to swim across. Several expedients were adopted without success; at last one of the men swam through with two lambs, and when they began bleating the sheep at once went into the water and got across without one being lost. We moved away from the Wilge River about one o'clock and reached Rensburg Spruit, which we forded without delay, although our enemies, the mud-holes, were very numerous and formidable several waggons sticking in them, and some we were compelled to unload to lighten the carriage. Rensburg Spruit is a lovely place at this season of the year. We found most beautiful wild flowers and ferns in great variety. We unteamed about mid-day at a place called Pla Berg (flat hill), and set all available hands to collect firewood, as none could be procured further on. Some of the party went out shooting and brought a wild duck and three coote. On the 17th we had again to cross our old friend the Wilge River and found it impassable; there was, of course, no alternative but to wait until it was. The delay was of utility in one way, for it enabled us to have a "washing day." We had some nice-fresh water-fish for dinner, and on the following day being Sunday we had a regular feast in the shape of roast wild duck and fresh fish. On the 19th we crossed the Wilge River for the last time, and had one or two narrow escapes from being overthrown in mud-holes. For the first time we saw two or three herds of antelope called the "Spring Buck." Although several attempts were made none of them could be bagged.

We reached the "Elands river" not by any means a prepossessing spot. Here we were attacked by a frightful number of mosquitoes which compelled us to sleep with gloves and cappies. The place was strewn all over with the bones of cattle, bits of hides, and old rags, so it did not present a very agreeable appearance, especially as the country here becomes very open and flat. On the 20th December being still unable to cross the Eland river, a party went out to shoot and at 2 o'clock they returned, one of them having shot a 'Wildebeest,' the animal was very fat and we had a grand feast, the two hind quarters being cut



into what is in Africa called belltongue, a very dainty dish. The thigh is cut into flakes of flesh, the operation being guided chiefly by the seams that divide the fleshy parts of the carcase. These flakes are then put into salt for about 24 hours, and then they are hung up to dry out of the sun if possible. In 10 or 12 days they are fit to eat, without cooking; in the mean time they can be roasted or boiled as convenient.

We now nearly ran out of fire wood and had to betake ourselves to the only substitute, namely dry cow dung, which makes a very good fire indeed, but rather smoky. The mosquitoes last night were intolerable and what with them and the barking of dogs and the howling of jackals we did not pass a comfortable time of it. On the 21st we rose early to a beautiful clear morning and found, to my great joy, that the river was low enough to be forded. By 8 o'clock we were on the opposite bank in safety, and advanced our journey to a brook, where we stopped and had another attack from the mosquitoes. A beautiful spring-buck doe was shot by one of the party. On the 22nd our journey was somewhat impeded by a thunderstorm. I cannot say much in praise of the village of Bethlehem which we reached on the 23rd. It boasts of 12 houses and three willow trees. We posted our letters home and after getting a fresh supply of a little bread moved on and stopped at a small brook which we reached early enough to have some clothes washed. The next day we proceeded as far as a place named Tafel Rop (Table Hill), near Hiscocks where we bought a cocoa-nut of all things in the world the most unlikely to meet with in these regions.

The 25th December was a Sunday, and being Christmas day as well, it was agreed by common consent that we should have a rest and a feast. Our dinner consisted of stewed buck, curried rice, and, if we had no roast beef and plum-pudding, we had Chinese preserved ginger and rice. Before we sat down to partake of this repast, we unpacked and re-arranged the contents of our waggon, and after I had gone to the trouble of taking off the lock of my portmanteau, under the impression that I had lost the keys, I found them in the pocket of one of my gowns. We moved on the next day, one of our party bagging a bless buck, which replenished our larder. On the 27th we saw several troops of spring buck and wildebeest; one of the latter was shot through the thigh, and we went to see it keep the dogs at bay; the animal was furious with pain, and turned fiercely upon the dogs, and one cur being more daring than the rest, got tossed in the air twice, and was a good deal hurt. Our sport was ended by the poor animal being seized, and its throat cut. We reached the residence of one of my mother's brothers. The house, or rather hut, was constructed of reeds; not a tree or a bush about it. Some of our party

went out shooting, and killed a wildebeest and three spring buck. We halted at this place until the 31st December, in order to provide provisions for our journey, the time being spent in shooting game to be converted into bell-tongue, salting down sheep and baking bread. We were kindly driven out one day in a cart drawn by two mules, to have a good view of the game. And a grand sight it certainly was, the flat, as far as the eye could reach, being literally alive with spring and bless buck, and wildebeest. The lion, wolf, and jackal follow the game, as do the vultures and other birds of prey; of the jackals and vultures we saw plenty. The latter are so voracious that when an animal is shot, it has hardly fallen when they pounce down upon it, and it is quickly devoured. We wound up our proceedings at this place with a dance on the green.

On the 3rd January we started again, and after passing through the village of Winburg on the 5th, reached the farm of Mr. A. Le Roux, where we procured apricots, peaches, and other fruit, a delicious treat for the weary travellers. The ravages to which Africa sometimes is exposed were here apparent. The earth was denuded of nearly every particle of grass by the swarms of locusts which darkened the air. The grass and small bushes were eaten down to the very roots; the country presenting the appearance of having been burnt. The locusts in their turn are a prey to a bird called the locust bird. They move in immense flocks, and although they devour millions of locusts they seem to make little or no impression on the countless swarms of the latter. The bushman in their native state convert the locusts to use. They kill and half dry them, and then press them into a kind of cake for food. The locust bird is of medium size, brown in colour with some white in the wing, and having a tail like a swallow. It has the same peculiarity as the locust itself, namely, that any food it eats passes through it almost as soon as it is eaten. What with the locusts the hail-storms, the dust, and the want of water our cattle suffered severely. We crossed the Vet River (fat river), in the bed of which we heard a diamond had been found, although the statement needs corroboration, and reached the farm of a man named Du Toit, who kindly allowed us to water our cattle without charge, and here we settled for the night. We went on again, and on the 11th we reached a small village Boshoff, so named in honour of Mr. J. N. Boshoff, who, some years ago, was elected President of the Orange Free State. It is rather a pretty spot, and may from its situation and proximity to the diamond-fields at some future time become of some importance, especially as it is fairly supplied with water. We passed after leaving Du Toit's farm over a country all more or less laid waste by the locusts. On the evening of the 13th we arrived at Diamondia, on the Vaal River, the



property of Mr. Robinson. The next day I had a view of Hebron, on the opposite side of the Vaal River. It is by no means an easy task to render even a tolerably correct impression of the scene presented to one's mind on first seeing the diamond-fields. The sheets of white canvas tents, in nearly every case accompanied by the white tops of bullock waggons, corresponding in position to the tents; the din of voices, the rattle of carts and waggons going to and fro with earth to be washed at the river to discover the diamonds. The washing of the earth, the sifting and sorting of the result after this process, and the shouts of the lucky finder of a diamond would each enable one to write a longer account than the limits of this diary will admit. One sees the plodding digger with a face denoting clearly the anxiety of its possessor and indicating that he is working, impressed with the idea that each blow of the pick-axe may find him the lucky possessor of wealth at any moment. The sharp clink of the steel pick-axe conveyed to one's ears from all directions, and the duller sound produced by the same instrument when used at a depth below the surface produce an excitement more easily felt than described, especially by those who themselves are trying their "luck."

What with constructing sieves and other machinery we did not get fairly to work until the 20th January. In the meantime we built our habitations as best we could with the materials at our command. We pitched our tent and we had what is very essential upon these occasions a good look round us. I must make some allusion to the Vaal river, on or near to the banks of which these discoveries of vast riches in diamonds have been made. It is a very large river winding its course, through a comparatively flat and open country, towards the west coast of Africa, its low banks studded with willow trees, and its course, when not in a flooded state, afford a very pleasant sight and a relief to the sameness of the surrounding country. The word 'vaal' in Dutch is merely a translation of the word 'liqua,' the native name of the same, and means in both languages that its waters are discoloured or yellow, which in fact they are. Fish and eels abound in it.

On the 20th of January we fairly started digging, and we remained at it until the 7th June, when we commenced retracing our steps to Natal. This is the only allusion I mean to make to our journey back beyond saying that we reached home in safety on the 2nd July, bringing with us several diamonds, the largest weighing  $14\frac{1}{2}$  carats. As I anticipated, we found society at the diggings very mixed, and consisting of persons from all parts of the world, a great many from the Cape colony, and from Natal. The natives also had collected—the Hottentot, Korannas, Rafus, Zulus, and Bushmen—all, of course, in

the service of the European diggers. The natives occupying the diggings are called Guquas, a dark copper-coloured race much resembling the Hottentot. I shall relate an anecdote which will show the shrewdness of the African native. A gentleman observed to one of them that the coloured people were the servants of the white. The native replied, 'Yes; but the white people are our slaves, because they have to raise about £6,000 every month to pay us.' We spent nearly five months at the diggings, and I am bound to say that we were always treated by all we met with great kindness and cordiality; the diggers themselves being, as a rule, an orderly well conducted people.

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 VOL. IV



## ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

BY AN INSPECTOR OF RETURNS.



AN Inspector of Returns! What may that be? I wonder how many people could have answered this question twelve months since. No doubt there are many who are not even yet familiar with this combination of words, and who have no idea of its meaning. Even if we suppose that a few of these good people care to know more of the matter, it would, I am afraid, be too much to expect them to read six consecutive sections of the Elementary Education Act, 1870. For, as far as I can make out this Act has met with the fate which some critics tell us has overtaken Shakspeare—it is a great deal talked about and very little read.

But if any one will take the trouble to look at secs. 67 to 72, he will see that the Act in question required certain “local authorities” in every district, to furnish to the Education Department “returns” containing certain particulars as to the number of children requiring elementary education, and as to the number of existing elementary schools; particulars of the character of these existing schools, to be supplied by the managers, teachers, &c. The forms, which were accordingly sent by the Education Department to the managers of the several schools, contained enquiries as to size of the rooms, the nature of the instruction, the amount of the fees, the number of children on the books, and so on. The persons employed to verify these ‘returns,’ and to enquire into the suitability of the schools therein referred to, and to examine the children in each such school, are (or have been) Inspectors of Returns.

During a part of the past year, one of these officers has been attached to each of her Majesty’s Inspectors of Schools, and (if he obeyed his instructions) has acted with him and under his direction. He has been employed in visiting—

- (1.) Those schools which had not previously come under inspection, and
- (2.) Those schools which were already in receipt of annual grants from the Education Departments (if her Majesty’s Inspector has found it convenient to call for his aid in so doing).

These last two paragraphs are given as nearly as may be in the language of an official circular issued in April last year, and are supposed to describe the duties of an Inspector of Returns. I propose to relate something of what I experienced in the performance of these duties. In order to make what I have to say more intelligible, I will adopt the following classification of schools.

CLASS A. Includes all schools which are in receipt of annual grants from the Education Department, whether 'public' *i.e.*, governed by managers acting under a deed, or 'private' *i.e.* by managers not acting under a deed.

CLASS B. Includes all public or private schools (as defined above) which are *not* in receipt of annual grants.

CLASS C. Adventure schools, *i.e.* conducted by the teacher at his (or her) own risk.

CLASS A. Inasmuch as a report on the schools of this class in my district (written by the inspector under whom I worked) has for some time past regularly occupied a certain number of pages in a certain blue-book published yearly, it may seem unnecessary, and perhaps presumptuous, for me to speak at any length of such schools. For conviction (as well as loyalty) compels me to admit that these reports have been so written that they cannot easily be improved upon. But blue-books, I fancy, are not much read by the public at large, who seem to have a notion that such works consist principally of long strings of dry statistics. Seeing then, that during the nine months I was employed, I examined a good many of these schools, I shall make no further apology for saying what I thought of them.

On the whole there can be little doubt that the public money devoted to the support of these schools is well spent. The character of the instruction of course varies considerably, but for every child who is being fairly well taught in elementary schools under private patronage, there are, I should say, at least five who are being well taught in schools receiving annual grants. With the teachers of these schools, I was, as a rule, very well pleased. I found some of them so earnest and successful in their work, and so courteous and agreeable in their bearing, that I felt a kind of compunction at having to enquire whether such and such regulations had been observed, and to report my opinion of the teacher. In one or two cases I felt bound to admit that I could make no better suggestion with respect to the future conduct of the school than that everything should be managed precisely as it had been. Of certificated teachers, as a class, I formed a very much higher opinion than I had had before. Not but that I found some cases where teachers had been negligent or even worse. I found, too, a few examples of men who made up for want of power



by excess of conceit ; and some who spoke (not always correctly) the language which it has always been the fashion to assign to the pedagogue, who had vacations instead of holidays, who commence where other people begin, interrogate instead of asking, and respond where they ought to answer. These men I found had notions terribly large, could use in speaking of a spider words which would have been too big for an elephant, and could describe a tiger as 'a digitigrade carnivorous quadruped furnished with retractile claws.' But I cannot agree with those who think that this love of long words is due to some defect in the education of certificated teachers, for the same fault may be observed in an equal or even greater degree amongst teachers who have not been regularly trained.

In country parishes where there is a school receiving grants the parson is generally the principal manager. In spite of what Nonconformists may have to say on the subject it is quite certain that the parson is in many such places the only person who is fit to be a manager, and the only person who is willing to take the necessary amount of trouble. It is no part of my present intention to make remarks on the general character of the clergy, so often ignorantly attacked, so often unwisely defended ; I will simply observe that I have seen more than one instance in which a hard-working clergyman, who had been constantly expending time, money, and trouble in providing education for the children of his parish, had also been constantly opposed by a noisy advocate of free thought and what not, who had never been known to do anything that might advance education or benefit a neighbour, whose ignorance was so complete that it might almost excuse his misdoings, and whose one boast was that he would "balk the parson." I can readily believe that Mr. Forster has had to deal with some persons "who dislike special churches more than they like education."

There can be no doubt about the advantage which both pupils and teachers derive from having different persons come into the school from time to time for the purpose of examining or teaching a class. And I am afraid it will not be often that a member of a School Board will have the time or will take the trouble to visit a school which is managed by his Board—a trouble which forms part of the daily work of many a country clergyman.

As I said before, there is a very great difference in the attainments of the children at the various schools of the class of which I am now speaking. I examined one school at which the upper three standards did so well in geography and grammar, and even in arithmetic, that I feel certain an equal number of boys of the same age taken at random from almost any of our public schools would not have shown nearly

so much knowledge of the same subjects, whilst the style of arranging and writing out the answers could not possibly have been improved upon. The discipline in this school was perfect; the children seemed to take the liveliest interest in their work, were eager to be questioned about what they had been reading, and answered thoughtfully and promptly.

But in some of the schools I saw only too plainly the ill effects of mere mechanical teaching. The children had never been taught to think about their work. They did their sums without having the least idea *why* they performed such and such operations; and when a question was set a little different from those to which they had been accustomed they were completely at a loss. For instance:—the fifth standard were taught Practice, that being the rule appointed for them under the code 1871. In examining the fifth standard at a certain school I accordingly set two sums in Practice, which were correctly done by a fair proportion of the children. But I set also this sum:—A coach starts at eight in the morning, and travels eight miles an hour. How far will it have got at four in the afternoon? Most of the children made no attempt to find out; but one boy (who had done the other sums correctly) wrote down 8, multiplied it by 8, multiplied the product by 4, the new product by 24 (number of hours in a day), and then, having observed I suppose, that Practice sums usually have an answer expressed in £. s. d., he went on to divide by 12 and by 20, and wrote down for an answer £25 12.

A manager of a school once told me he considered it quite enough if children could perform the mechanical work required in doing their sums, and that it was not to be expected that they should be able to think at all about the way of doing them. “My idea is,” he added, “that children should be taught not to think, but to do as they are told.” I asked him what they were to do if told to think?

From sixth standard children I often got very good versions of different fables which were read to them, and of which I asked them to write out as much as they could remember. In many cases very amusing remarks and comments were ‘incorporated with the text;’ sometimes the point of the fable was utterly missed. I have beside me a curious instance of this. I had read out the fable of the crow which managed to get at the water in a jug by dropping stones into the mouth of the jug till the water was raised. The version I got ran as follows:—‘A fox wanted to drink so what must he do he flew at peacture so he got some stones and broke the peacture.’

[A fox is mentioned, I suppose, because I had said I was going to read a *fable*.]

The writer told me she had been practising letter-writing, so I asked



her to write a letter to her mother describing what she had done and seen since she left home in the morning, how she came to school, what she saw and heard there, and so on. She wrote:—

‘Dear mother,—I went to School and there was some maps and cards & forms & desks & chairs & a clock & lamps & 2 stoves & slates & books pens and inkwells & boys & girls & ladies & the schoolmaster & a gentleman &

‘Your affec Daughter

‘—————’

At a school near this I got the following written answers to written questions in geography, which was taken up as a special subject:—

‘The top of the map is the West and the East is at the botten of a map at the left, and A Strait is a place where there are a grate many houses and A cape is a thing what we ware—A river means a great sea, A Island is a little country and a Oceans is the Sevent Trent & the Owes.’

I once went to examine a school which had been for some time in receipt of grants, though it had only just come under the supervision of the inspector in whose district I was working. The master, who was an elderly man, seemed to be uncommonly well pleased with everything about him, and to be utterly unconscious of a remarkable deficiency of ventilation and discipline, which struck me as soon as I entered the school. He informed me at once that he hadn’t the least doubt the school would do well, and that he felt sure I should be very much pleased with it. When I asked him if the children were arranged according to the order of their names on the examination schedule, he promptly said, ‘Yes;’ and when I pointed out to him that this was not the case, he ‘concluded that some of them had got mixed.’ For the purpose of re-arranging the children I asked them, as their names were called over, to come and stand in order in the middle of the room. When the first eight or ten had left their seats, I called out in his turn a boy named John Green. He came very reluctantly, and before he had reached his place he uttered several piercing screams. I endeavoured to make him understand that no harm was likely to come to him, but he still continued to scream as if his success in life depended on his having his lungs exercised in that particular way. When I appealed to the master to know what was the reason of this conduct he answered, ‘Well, you see, sir, the fact is he’s a twin, and he’s never been separated from his brother, and if you don’t put them together they’ll neither of them do a bit of work. It’s all affection. Look at Peter, there; he’s just the same.’ I accordingly looked towards the desk which John had left, and observed a boy who was

sobbing convulsively, and seemed to be just going to scream. The master kept looking from one to the other, and was apparently very well pleased with their performances, for he presently turned to me with a smile and said, 'Very pretty to see such affection—very pretty it is; of course they'll have to sit together.' 'No,' I said; 'I think they are too old for this sort of thing; it seems to me that children do not come to school to be encouraged in such fancies. If you knew of this peculiarity you should have tried to cure them of it, and, failing that, you might have put their names together on the schedule.' The two boys were therefore separated, and passed the morning in a state of sullen resignation, hardly doing any of their work. In this last particular they were by no means singular; so that I was somewhat surprised when the master came up at the end of the examination, and said, in a jaunty tone, 'Well, sir, what do you think of them now—eh, sir?' I answered that they had not done well. At this he professed himself 'quite taken aback;' said it would be a great satisfaction to the managers if I would allow him to call out and question some of the scholars, and being informed which of the standards had done worst, he remarked, 'I should have said there wasn't a boy in that standard you could puzzle.' I told him he would have made a very rash statement; that I had got all the particulars I wanted, but that if he wished it he might call out a certain boy whom I named, and question him in arithmetic. To this he rather demurred. 'Well, you see, sir,' he said with some hesitation, 'if there is a boy in the school who might perhaps fail with a stranger it is that boy.' I said, as gravely as I could, that I was sorry I had made such an unfortunate selection, and I called out the two boys who were sitting next the one 'who might, perhaps, fail.' These boys wrote down 55 for the numbers 55, 505, 550, 5005, 5500, 5050 successively—a fact which the master accounted for by saying, first, that they understood as well as he did, and then that they were 'a little fluttered.' He suggested to them that they should 'put some "oughts" in,' and this they proceeded to do at random.

At this same school a late teacher had made the following (amongst many) strange entries in the log-book—'It being my birthday I received the heartfelt congratulations of all my pupils.' 'Several boys purchased herrings, and toasted them at the school fire.' 'During the night the earth received a thick covering of snow, in consequence of which there was a thin school in the morning.' 'A boy manifested an invincible repugnance towards becoming acquainted with his A B C.' 'I received several pressing invitations to dine with parents.' 'Overheard a boy saying that his mother knew of pills for rheumatism.' The writer must have taken a liberal view of the statement (New Code,



1871), that the entries in the log-book are intended 'to specify ordinary progress, and other facts connected with the school and its teachers.'

On the whole I found the examination of schools receiving grants the pleasantest part of my work. For, as a rule, I was able to report of any such school that it was being carried on to some purpose, and where things were going badly it was a satisfaction to know that the report might be sent off at once, and would receive immediate attention.

CLAUSE B.—The faults I noticed in the schools belonging to Class A might all be observed very much exaggerated in schools of this class, whilst the good points of the schools which had been under regular inspection were usually wanting in schools which had not had this advantage. There were certainly a few schools of this class which were much better than the worst of the schools under inspection, but there were in Class B very few schools which were really good and very many which were unmistakeably bad. I was amazed to find how little the managers in many cases knew about the schools under their care, and how strange were their ideas of what the children in an elementary school may fairly be expected to know. As an example I will mention a few facts about an endowed school which has an income of above £100 a year. It is under the management of the squire of the village, who, with his wife attended the examination. When I reached the school I found assembled about seventeen children, of ages varying fifteen to six. There were four pieces of slate in the school, until I happened to drop one piece, after that there were five. I had to wait some time before slate-pencils were brought (from the village shops), and I employed this time in hearing the children read. I found that not one of them could read so as to be intelligible to a person standing three yards off, and that they read all sorts of nonsense. This was not wonderful, for the school was furnished with one card, containing part of a story written in monosyllables, and with several books full of such words as 'reticence' and 'concatenation.' There was nothing intermediate. So when I handed a boy one of these books and asked him to read 'The little rabbit is fitted for burrowing,' he drawled out 'The little rabbit is fatted by beholdin.' I asked him what this could mean, and in order to show him what nonsense it was I explained as clearly as I could the meaning of the word 'behold,' told him the old story about boys, who, being very hungry, have been known to look at tarts, &c., in the shop windows until they think they have eaten the good things they see, and asked him if he thought such boys would be likely to grow fat 'by beholding.' With the view of

making out whether he understood what I was saying, I asked him 'What do you mean by fat?' and he somewhat confounded me by promptly pointing to the Squire, a good portly man, lately mistaken by a Scarborough mob for the claimant in the Tichborne case. After all this, however, the boy persisted in reading 'fatted by beoldin,' and two other children to whom I passed the book read the same. No child in the school knew the name of the country we live in; all failed in arithmetic, and when I asked a boy of thirteen to put down any sum he could do, and then to do it, he wrote down

$$20,072 : 27 : 12$$

$$99,900 : 25 : 17$$

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$$2,724\frac{1}{2}$$

But he could give no further explanation of his work than by saying 'Them's pounds, and that's answer.'

When the examination was over, I asked the Squire about the mistress and learning that she might be dismissed after three months notice, I said 'The three months will begin from now, I suppose, if they have not begun already.' But the answer was, 'Oh! no; we are very well pleased with her. The school has improved very much since she came.'

Whilst I was at the school, the children was very quiet, but I was told by the clergyman, (who had nothing to do with the school), that it is a very common thing for them to beguile the school hours by running about the room, and having games at 'killing pig.' Whatever that may be.

Yet an indifferent Squire perhaps makes a better manager than an ignorant working man, at least I was disposed to think so after the following encounter. I was driving through a village one morning when I was stopped by a man who was cutting turf at the side of the road. He said 'Are yer coomin' about leuking' at scheules here?' I told him I was. He pointed to a chapel near and said, 'Hev yer bin i'there?' 'No, I am coming this afternoon.' 'Yer hevn't bin i'there then?' 'No, not yet.' 'Er, so yer hevn't bin i'there then?' I ventured to suggest that if he had anything to say I should be glad to hear it as soon as might be which caused him to say, 'Yer've not heerd anythink then hev yer?' I told him that I had not heard anything, and, that as it seemed that I was not likely to hear anything I did not stop any longer. Thereupon, he came close up to me and said in a confidential tone, 'Why, about measter there, i't scheule; we want to be rid of him, so yer mun report accordinly.'

Some of the managers of the schools I am now speaking of were



exceedingly anxious to be left alone, and regarded a visit from an inspector as something more than the beginning of evils. In one parish which I had to visit the school was under the sole dominion of the Squire (as was everything in the place apparently, except his wife). I had been told more than once that this man (whom we will call Hilton) would probably refuse to have his school inspected, so that I was agreeably surprised when I found that he not only readily consented to have the children examined, but that he undertook to make very great improvements in the premises and expressed a wish to place the school under regular inspection. At Mr. Hilton's request I went to his house after the examination in company with the clergyman of the parish. I was there presented to Mrs. Hilton, who seemed to regard none of us with any particular favour. But then her attention was absorbed by a dropsical dog which looked out of a red shawl on her lap. Whilst we were at lunch, Mr. Hilton took the opportunity of explaining how we had been employed during the morning. Thereupon, Mrs. Hilton observed, that it had always been her opinion that of the many mistakes, she might say great mistakes Mr. Gladstone had made, the Education Act was by far the greatest. As it seemed to be expected that I should say something I was sorry to hear her speak so unfavourably of the Act, and that I should be glad to hear in what way it might be improved. She replied that it was difficult to say how a thing was to be improved which was bad throughout, and turning to me said rather sharply, 'Perhaps you belong to the Government?' 'Only in the same way that a tax-gatherer or a postman does. I am just at present doing some work for the Education Department, but I am afraid that does not entitle me to say I belong to the Government.' 'At any rate,' was the answer, 'you will find it impossible to bend the stubborn minds of the ——shire people.' I then said that I had no intention of making any attempt of the kind, but that I supposed the ——shire people, like their neighbours, would find that where schools are wanted they must be built. 'Owing to Mr. Hilton's liberality,' I added, 'there will be no difficulty in this place.' I saw at once that this was very unpleasant information and I yielded to the temptation of enlarging upon Mr. Hilton's readiness to incur considerable expense for the good of the village. When I had finished speaking Mrs. H. returned to the attack with great vigour, and became so animated that the dropsical dog fell from her lap, and before it could be rescued by the butler, (himself a dropsical phlegmatic being), had got decidedly the worst of it in an encounter with a smooth terrier of Mr. Hilton's. I hoped this misfortune would give a turn to the conversation, but the lady went on 'Here at least I had trusted that the defective system of Government Education would not be

introduced. I say "defective" because as you're well aware you don't teach fundamentals. I have the authority of the church for what I am saying,' and here the good lady turned to the clergyman and said in a loud tone, 'Is it not so Mr. Curban?' Mr. Curban who had the misfortune to be very deaf, and who knew next to nothing of what had been going on, readily assented. Thereupon Mrs. Hilton, fortified by ecclesiastical approval, turned again to me and said in a reproachful tone, 'You don't teach fundamentals.' I answered that it was not my business to teach anything, but rather to find out what had been taught, or what was known; that I thought reading and writing were fundamental parts of education, and that as to religion when the country could agree what was to be taught, no doubt the country would carry out what had been agreed upon. Mr. Hilton (who had once been a Liberal M.P.), appeared to sympathise with me, and occasionally took my part in the discussion, whereupon the church was appealed to afresh and invariably sided with the lady. This sort of thing lasted until our hostess and her dog were preparing to adjourn to the drawing-room. I was thinking how I might say something conciliatory before we parted, when to my surprise, Mrs. Hilton stood up and looking straight at me in a voice which would have made me quake if I hadn't known that it was probably the last I should hear of it. 'I can assure you that whatever you may think of my opinion it has been not lightly esteemed by those who walk high in office.' She paused, I bowed slightly, meaning to intimate that I did not at all question the statement, and she continued, 'The bishop of this diocese has twice consulted me on matters of the last importance. What have you to say to that?' I might have reminded her of the lines

But fixed before and well resolved was he  
As folks that ask advice are wont to be.

but to tell the truth, [I didn't think of them at the time, so I merely said, 'As I am anxious, if possible, to be complimentary, I can only say that I think it speaks very highly for his country, as well as for his discretion.' At this Mrs. Hilton turned very red, and her lord (and master?) called out 'Ha! a blush, I believe—not seen that for a long time—capital;’ and the lady retreated with less dignity than might have been looked for from a bishop's privy counselor. When she was gone, I took the opportunity of saying to Mr. Hilton that I hoped I had not given Mrs. Hilton any fair cause of offence, to which he answered, 'Certainly not; not at all. The fact is, my wife belongs to a class of things not often seen now. She is a regular preserved old Tory; relics of that kind require to be very carefully handled.' I



must confess the relic seemed to me to be quite unaware that it was in any danger of being injured by collision. Nor was it.

As regards the teachers of these schools, I must say that many of them were people who wanted knowledge as well as method.\* In some of the schools, established for the purpose of qualifying children to work as half-timers. Under the Factory Act, all the mill hands who had had the misfortune to lose an arm or a leg were turned on to teach without the slightest regard to their fitness for their work.\*

Others there were who, because they were sisters or nephews to a great man's gardener or housekeeper, had been enabled to bring up the great man's tenants in deplorable ignorance. Other teachers had been appointed because they were highly respectable, two or three because their parents had been so reputed. In some cases a specious, ignorant, pushing man had got a good post because the people who appointed him were more ignorant than himself. I observed, too, that many teachers in schools of this class (for the most part elderly men), taught their pupils to write a very good hand and to use red and blue ink in their arithmetic-books with some effect, yet seemed to think that education must enter only through the eye, and were quite indifferent to everything except 'penmanship.' Thus they would be quite content to have one child after another read in such a way that it was impossible to make out what was being said, and would never think of trying to find out whether the children understood what they were reading about. The 'summing-books' were filled with absurdly long examples, flanked by red and blue lines, and they contained long discourses respecting multiplicands, compound-interest, submultiples, aliquot portions, and what not, which said discourses assumed to be composed by boys who didn't seem to know that there is any difference between 2,020 and 20,002. These books were the *μεγα θαυμα* of the village parents, who would say with a look of admiration almost amounting to awe, 'Eh! he does bring them on, though, mind you, does Master Gibson.' When I went to a school of this kind, I used always to spend some time in asking questions about the most simple thing possible,\* and in this way I now and then elicited answers by which I

\*The following is an exact copy of a letter from the teacher of an Endowed School:  
'Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the respect of your note and to say that the school will be ready for your inspection on Wednesday morning, Nov. 22, from your obedient servant.'

\*I once asked a teacher, who did not appear to be lame, whether he had had any training for a schoolmaster, or what his qualifications were, to which he promptly answered, 'A tumour on the leg.'

\*I once asked five children (all seven years of age), 'How many pennies are there in fourpence?' The answers were 'sixpence,' 'fourpence,' 'four,' 'sixpence' 'threepence.'

was somewhat disconcerted. For instance, I once asked a boy how birds get about from one place to another. As I got no answer, I explained to him that I did not mean by walking or hopping, but that I wanted him, for instance, to tell me how a sparrow would get over a river, or from the ground to the top of a house- I passed the question on, and the next boy said, 'It would fly.' 'Can men fly?' I asked. 'No,' 'Well, then, tell me something which a bird can do that you and I cannot do.' The boy looked about for some time, and at last shouted out 'lay eggs.'

Before finishing this part of the subject, I will only say that I believe most people would be astonished to find what a large proportion of English children of the lower classes under fifteen do not know (1) that they live in a country called England, and (2) though they may have been learning geography a long time, that the north of a room is not the ceiling. But the adventure schools were naturally the most curious collection of schools. I will speak of them at another time.

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# UNIS AND NECKLACE:

## A PROSE IDYLL.

### I.

DAVID REW by prescriptive right 'wanter' or mole-catcher to the parish and manor of Sweetery, hung the signs of his calling on many an apple-tree and hedgerow elm. Wherever by marshy bottom, or cow-pasture rich in worms and beetles, lurked his under-ground game, there you might see, dependent from a conspicuous limb his bough of victory,—a hedge-withy, each of whose twigs throttled a velvety mole.

Thus by the senses of sight and smell, and sometimes of touch too,—for they often swung where you might knock your head against them in the dark,—the farmer was reminded of an obligation to old David to the extent of threepence a head for each of these black gentry. Woe betide the field where they were suffered to rot unpaid for, never again were cunning traps set there though the moles burrowed and catacombed. and threw up their outworks till doomsday.

'Davvid Rew,' as he was locally called (the -ew being pronounced as the Geman modified ü) afforded a grand instance of the effects of early discipline. From youth to middle-age he had been a red-coated machine in a high stock, be-drilled and be-marched through various phases of glory to a well-earned pension. Now he was slow-going and stately as the small hand of the church-clock. Time gout had indeed changed his upright gait into an undeniable hobble, but he still set out every morning punctual to the first stroke of eight, inspected his traps with the air of nothing less than a battalion-major, and hung up the very defunct moles in an attitude of 'attention.'

But the strictest martinet has his moments of weakness; on certain occasions David Rew cast all considerations of duty to the winds, and would have seen the moles dancing hornpipes in the sun, or courting

their friends the bats with equal unconcern. This singular weakness (for he mourned over it as such) was caused by an intense love of sport which seemed to lift him on a hunting-morning out of his village-life into the tumultuous delights of the chase, filling his ear with the music of the hound, and horn, and driving him on to the moors with an irresistible magic. The 'find' in stag-hunting is no such 'touch-and-go' affair as it is where a meaner quarry is concerned; it is an excitement 'long drawn out,' but none too long for old David at his post on the hill-side, knee-deep in heather. Never since the days of Simon Lee, 'in the sweet shire of Cardigan,' has a blither huntsman sallied forth, staff in hand, to hear the music of the chiming hounds. It was his young delight before he went to the wars, now, in his crippled old age a breezy hunting morning sees him climb the hill with the heart of a boy, and boyish health glowing in his cheeks, and all thoughts of moles and discipline cast to the winds.

It was on one such morning, when early horsemen had clattered past his door to the meet, that the wanter took his ashen stick from where it stood hardening in the chimney corner, and set off up the village-street muttering to himself—

'Her be late, Davvid, her be late.'

When he had gone fifty yards, he stopped at the sound of footsteps behind him, and a voice; 'Father, I'm gwine with 'e.'

A bright, rosy-cheeked girl, into the computation of whose years had entered not winters but summers only, and not more than twenty of them, had followed David out of the cottage, and locking the door after her, was running to overtake him.

'You gwine too, Unis? I'm glad o't. 'Taint a frequent thing for my little maid to come hunting along o' me. Why didn't 'e zay zo afore?'

She laughed and made some excuse about not having washed up the dishes; but this was wrong, because ever since breakfast she had been making up her mind to ask if she might come, and then running off into the backyard, or her bedroom, afraid of a refusal. She laughed when her point was gained, and altogether proved as charming and lively and dutiful a daughter as an old soldier need have.

Unice Rew trudged along at her father's side, dressed in those neutral tints that make a peasant-girl so much prettier on week-days than in the glories of a Sunday shawl. A bright ribbon, the only exception to neutrality and prettiness, encircled her neck, and this in spite of the efforts one could fancy on the part of her dimpled chin to hide it, the old soldier soon espied.

'Why, Unis, what be 'bout with that ribbony stuff? The sergeant

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didn't give it 'e, did he? 'Twud be a fine regiment if they was to list the likes o' you.'

Unice blushed redder than the ribbon in question; if the sergeant hadn't, perhaps someone else had given it to her. Perhaps, too, she was afraid of further questioning on this point, for she suddenly found the path very steep, and asked for her father's arm, which he readily granted, receiving, however, more assistance than he gave. By the time they had reached their destination on the top of the hill David Rew was not only in the elevated frame of mind proper to a hunting-morning, but also so good-humouredly disposed towards his pretty daughter that he was in a mood to grant her almost anything she asked. This, too, was possibly part that artful young woman's design. They were standing at the head of a combe that led into one of Ex-moor's romantic valleys; a green pathway led down it, across a brawling stream at the foot, and up the opposite knoll, where, clustered under knots of oak, and drawn up by stone enclosure walls were the horsemen and carriages of the meet. The sides of the surrounding hills were studded with tiny figures, mounted and on foot standing, running, galloping; and from the valley beneath came the sound of horns and hallowing, and after a breathless interval the voices of the hounds. It was after one such false alarm when the 'tufters' had roused a hind instead of the expected stag, and were called off to try another piece of coppice that David Rew found time to notice the direction in which his daughter's eyes had been turned ever since they got into position, and even through the most exciting moments of the 'find.' She was gazing at a man in the path below who, with the exception of an occasional glance towards the father and daughter seemed to be chiefly occupied in making vigorous sword-cuts at the bracken within reach.

The spectacle of this man, slashing aimlessly about him, and engrossing meanwhile so much of his daughter's attention, caused the old soldier's brow to contract, and called forth a half-uttered 'darn 'un.' He turned away, however, and fixed his eyes once more on the hunt. A few minutes later Unice, taking a side-glance at her father's face, read a change there, and guessing its cause, came to the conclusion that silence would be no longer diplomatic.

So with a quick look at the figure in the walk below, as if to draw thence inspiration, a little sigh, and perhaps a little prayer—for village girls are simple enough to pray about anything—she addressed the 'wanter.'

'Do you know, father, Necklace Milton have got regular work for certain zure at Zweetery mill?'

'Have her?' said David, in a gruff voice, that would have

discouraged anyone less resolute than Unice from continuing the subject.

'Yes, her have ; and they *do* say he weren't never so bad as they thought vor ; I really think he's more steady like, now.'

The poor little woman said this in such a trembling voice, and with such pleading eyes, not burying her chin in the cherry-coloured ribbon now, but holding it right up to her father's face, that the 'wanter' could hardly have kept firm, if he had not looked right the other way, and spoken very gruffly indeed to hide his feelings.

'I can't zacklee zay what Necklace may be like *noo*, but he *warn't* much o't ; and—and I doan't like un, Unis, I doan't like un.'

David put so much severity into his words that the poor girl's tears which were near enough to the surface before came welling out now in a most piteous fashion, so that her father was visibly moved. But it requires a boarding-school education to know how to cry, and Unice, instead of letting her tears flow silently till her father was at her feet, asked, in a broken voice, whether she might call to Necklace ; 'he's down yonder, father, and he'd like to speak to 'e.'

'I zeen 'un, child, long ago ; aye, call 'un, child, if e'll.'

So Unice, or Unis, as we may call her, adopting the prettier abbreviation, sent her little voice down the hill, though hope was dying within her, and she trembled for the result.

'Necklace ! father, would speak to 'e'

And Necklace sprang up as one who had been waiting for the summons, and set off towards them with a springey step. But something in the 'wanter's' stern face, and Unis's tearful eyes made him slacken his speed and lose confidence.

Nicholas or Necklace Milton was a youth of an adjoining parish who had discovered superior attractions in divine service as it was conducted in Sweetery Church, and had, moreover, been moved to prefer it to the sanctuary which claimed him as a parishioner by the sight of a pair of blue eyes, the like of which were not to be found in any organ-loft but that of Sweetery. In fact, for the last twelve months Nicholas Milton had been, in the most technical sense of the word, 'courting' Unice Rew. The first or secret phase of the courtship had passed smoothly enough ; but when the talk of Necklace and Unice keeping company reached the 'wanter's' ears, and the second avowed phase should have begun, one or two things interfered which prevented matters running so smoothly. To begin with, David Rew, having himself married late in life, after his period of service expired, and having been, to say the least, unfortunate in his choice, so that the lady's death he was *not* left lamenting, was a general opponent of marriages in the abstract, and early marriages in particular.





DRAWN BY G. J. TARLTON.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'UNIS AND NECKLACE.'





Then there was a certain clique of not exactly *jeunesse dorée*, but *jeunesse* with a moderate amount of spare time and cash, farmer's sons and others, who considered it a duty, one and all of them, to be more or less 'sweet' on so pretty a girl as Unis Rew. These were naturally offended when a common young fellow, six foot high, with a blonde beard, and a carpenter by trade, had the impudence to come out of the next parish, and enrol himself as Unis's accepted lover. Naturally, also, they were not going to let matters rest there: they proceeded to blacken the adventurous young carpenter's reputation, mixing together things that were true and false, and taking care that these stories should be blown eventually into the 'wanter's' ears. So when the affair of the courtship was first broached to him, old David said, 'Wait a bit,' and proceeded with a mind already prejudiced against Necklace to ascertain what sort of a fellow he was. Well, to make a long story short, it turned out that Nicholas Milton had not lived so short a time as to do nothing amiss, and make no enemies. There were stories of his having been seen drunk at the cider-shop, and the undeniable fact that he had once taken part in an ugly affair with the keepers; and poaching, though barely sheltering itself under the skirts of the Decalogue, was in David's eyes a most heinous crime; 'If they want regular sport, let 'em want,' said he, meaning, 'let them catch moles.' Lastly, Nicholas's father was notoriously *the* drunkard of the neighbourhood, and what good could come of such a stock.

So the 'wanter,' thinking to nip the whole proceeding in the bud, put his *veto* on Necklace, and hinted broadly at one of the *jeunesse dorée* as a more eligible *parti*, if Unis wanted a young man at all. As might have been expected, this had only the effect of converting liking into love, and Necklace and Unis swore eternal fidelity that night under a cow-shed. There was only one course for the young people to take under the circumstances, and being sensible as well as in love (oh! rare combination), they took it. Necklace was to set to work steadily, and overcome her father's prejudices, and Unis was to talk as little of him, and see as little of him as she could.

Necklace was only fairly successful; trade was slack, and he met with a good deal of opposition, of one sort or another, from the farmers, who made the 'wanter's' cause their own. But Unis was so prudent and reticent that her father was almost deluded into the belief that she had given her lover up, though he was surprised at her steady refusal to take up with anyone else.

Having thus explained how matters stood between the father, the daughter, and the would-be son-in-law, we return to the moment when Necklace received the summons to advance and plead his cause.

In prospect of the interview the 'wanter' assumed a military atti-

tude, and fixed his eyes sternly on the unacceptable suitor. Necklace, as we have said, began his advance with a bright eye and a confident step, but perceiving that something was amiss, and coming at last within range of the old soldier's pair of critical organs, he lost heart; felt awkward, and didn't know what to do with his arms. All this did not improve his chances of success; David Rew liked a manly bearing and, a true soldier, despised every one who couldn't walk; he would have preferred anything to the ignominious slouch which Necklace adopted as a compromise to express his independence and yet his humility, shuffling his hands about nervously the while.

But here came an incident which passed unnoticed by two of the actors in this scene though not by the third. Necklace had been holding loosely in his hand a small gold lady's watch (no matter why, that will be explained hereafter), this he unconsciously let fall in one of his awkward attempts to look less like a prisoner at the bar. It slipped down silently, and hid itself in the heather, and only the 'wanter' who had included it in his general survey of poor Necklace, noticed its fall. On him, however, it made a great impression. The first sight of the gold trinket suggested the idea that Necklace was going to make a propitiatory offering of jewellery to his lady-love; this was certainly no more than she deserved, but on second thoughts could not the young carpenter, if he *really* wanted to marry, have spent his money more profitably than in jewellery. When, however, the watch was allowed to slip carelessly to the ground it occurred to old David to wonder how Necklace had come by it; without imputing absolute dishonesty to the man, it was at least a suspicious circumstance for a carpenter to have about him a gold watch with a piece of broken chain attached to it. It might have occurred to the 'wanter' that people who have dishonestly possessed themselves of anything that does not belong to them do not habitually carry it about openly in their hands; but this was beyond his logic.

At this precise moment, when disagreeable suspicions anent the watch were beginning to dawn on the 'wanter's' mind, Necklace began his *Apologia pro amore suo*.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was over; Necklace was striding away through the heather anyhow; the excitement on the opposite side of the valley was its height, the 'tufters' were actually running a stag clear of the woods, but David Rew for the first time in his life had lost his interest in the hunt and turned to go home, Unis in tears at his side.

'I tell 'e, Unis, I'm so fir-rm against un as Zweetery church-tower tied to a gate-post. So her must stop crying and love a better man.'



Unis couldn't resist saying through her tears—'Zweetery church-tower do shakie a bit when the bells do ring.'

And then remembering that it was Necklace who had told her this, she began to cry all the harder. Poor little Unis!

## II.

That night there was a very sad scene in the cow-house. It had been arranged by Unis, so methodically had she laid her plans, that if Necklace failed there was to be a meeting in the evening at the cow-house to settle what was to be done.

Necklace *had* failed egregiously. He had lost his temper and made some severe remarks about the peculiarities of the late Mrs. Rew, a very sore point with the 'wanter.' David had retaliated with a sharp sentence about the advisability of young men getting some *honest* employment, 'listing as soldiers, for instance, and not drinking and poaching, and stealing. Necklace was about to reply, when, catching an imploring look from Unis, he turned tail, and retreated as we have seen.

This angry recommendation to enlist had, however, taken great hold of him. He was reckless, miserable, and in the cow-house that evening he annouced his intention of going straight off and enlisting. He was probably ignorant, certainly Unis was, of the fearful consequences of taking the Queen's shilling. Necklace had a general idea that in the army he could vent his wrath in killing his country's enemies, and return in a few years to find old David either dead or more inclined to look favourably on one of his own cloth. As for Unis she looked at the matter in much the same light, and not being troubled with namby-pamby sentimentalism she didn't tell him that she should die if he went, but that she would wait till he came back. And so they parted with a great many tears, and sorrowful good-byes, and vows of mutual affection as sincere as ever the moon has heard.

'Father,' said Unis, when she entered the house again, pale and tear-stained, but full of the confidence of having promised a man to love him through an indefinite number of years, 'father, I've just said good-bye to—him;' she couldn't quite get the name out; 'he's gwine to Farley town to list for an army soldier this very night, as you tould'un.'

David Rew gave a long whistle. It occurred to him, being not an inconsiderate man, nor unkindly disposed to Nicholas Milton, except as a son-in-law, that if by any words of his he had induced the young man to enlist, he had incurred rather a grave responsibility. But he nursed his knees over the fire, and tried to console himself with the

thought that Necklace would probably repent when he got to Farley, and come home again; and after all perhaps it was the best thing for him to go right away from his father's house, and from a neighbourhood where he had got a bad name, especially if there *were* anything wrong about that watch. He produced the watch in question from his waistcoat pocket; he had picked it up from the ground, and brought it home to see if Necklace would make known his loss.

He was dangling it in the firelight when Unis, who felt hurt that neither her candour in confessing to an interview with her forbidden lover, nor Necklace's project of enlisting had met with any response but a whistle, began again, still scolding back her tears, and feeling a hero for it.

'He wants you to look about the head of the combe where we were standing this morning; he picked up a watch and chain in the valley, and drapped 'un again thereabouts. Her'll belong to one of the hunting ladies like enough.'

David handed the watch to his daughter. 'I found 'un, zure enough; keep 'un, Unis; zummun 'll be axing arter 'un bimeby.'

So Necklace after all was honest in the matter of the watch. One suspicion groundless; perhaps the rest were. This was the tenour of the "wanter's" reflections, and he became extremely grumpy, and wished he could have that scene on the hill over again. And so to bed; where Unis cried herself to sleep, and her father had twinges of gout in the legs, and remorse in the conscience, and got very little sleep at all.

The next morning a bill was put up in the village shop offering ten pounds reward for a watch and chain, lost between such and such places; the finder to take it to the Squire's house, and be rewarded.

There came also tidings of Necklace having been seen marching out of Farley that morning with ribbons in his hat; and Unis had another good cry, which, strange to say, her father didn't reprove, but did his best to sooth, saying such comfortable things as that the regiment he had joined was a good one, a sight better than most of them, though not equal to the 52nd (his own), and that no doubt he'd come back a better man.

But at last he had to leave the poor girl to herself, and set off with the watch, almost conquering his lameness in the effort to walk firmly with the air of a man who had done his duty by Necklace. Nevertheless something whispered a different tale, and he almost expected everybody he met to tell him so to his face.

The lost watch was the property of the Squire's daughter, and that young lady, everjoyed at its recovery, would have pressed upon David Rew even more than the reward offered. But he refused to take any-



thing, saying some one else had found it; and then, not without humble apologies for his rudeness, asked if that watch wasn't given her by the young gentleman that was courting her. She replied with a blush that it was, and that was why she valued it so much. In that case he had a favour to ask. Did she know his daughter, Unis Rew? Yes, she knew her well. Would she, when it was quite convenient, come at times and talk to her of a young man, Necklace Milton, from Molton, who had courted her, and had gone and listed for a soldier? Oh, yes, willingly; but why had Necklace gone off, and why couldn't he (the father) talk about him?

'Well, you zay, Miss, it were partly along o' my fault, and partly along o' his'n; and it's my belief, though he arn't zacklee the right zort, her 'ull be zome time; and I can't spake of 'un myself, 'cos I sent 'un off, and yet I doan't want the maid to vret herself to death, poor little varmunt. I'll have 'un back zome day, you zee,' and he flourished his stick in the air, 'but doan't 'e tell Unis I zed so.'

The 'wanter' had gone to the right quarter for sympathy. Though perhaps unaware of the depth of his wisdom, there is no such sacred repository for one woman's love-secret as the breast of another who is herself in love. The Squire's daughter, with a sly twinkle of understanding in her eye for old David, was from this time a frequent visitor at the cottage, and the 'wanter' usually contrived to 'lave the tew young maids aloan,' chuckling heartily to himself as he hobbled off to his business.

About this period too the 'wanter' became very much absorbed in letter-writing; not that he wrote many, but that their composition was a work of time, and required frequent journeys to the Hall for advice. The result of all this labour was a formidable missive 'On Her Majesty's Service' delivered one morning with great emphasis, by the village postman. Unis had her own opinion that it contained an offer of a colonelcy, but as her father was silent about it, and she was rather afraid of him because her thoughts were still engrossed by the banished Necklace, this opinion was kept secret. The letter was followed by a visit on the part of 'wanter' to his banker; (and he *had* a banker thanks among other things to the late payment, some twenty years after it was due, of a considerable amount of prize-money). The result of the visit was apparently satisfactory for the 'wanter' was in high good humour, and the next morning set out on a journey from which he did not return for three days.

This piece of eccentricity was also set down by Unis to the colonelcy, and she was surprised to hear him enter the kitchen with the peculiar whistling noise made by corduroy trowsers; she had half expected to see him in glossy uniform. However, he was in such boisterous

spirits, and laughed so much when she told him her expectations, that Unis ventured to wonder in a timid voice how Necklace Milton was getting on. But this was received with grunts and sounds of disapprobation; insomuch that she resolved for the future to keep such confidences for the Squire's daughter. That young lady driving by in the pony-carriage next day had a wonderful piece of good news for Unis Rew, and finding her alone in the house, sent the pony-carriage home, and sat down to tell it in full detail.

A friend of hers had seen Nicholas Milton, and he was quite well, and hoped Unis kept heat in this cold weather, and loved her as much as ever he did. This was the substance of the message, but curiously enough, it did not transpire that the friend who had seen Necklace was one David Rew, 'wanter' and ex-soldier.

So the winter wore on and David Rew, though the gout took him at times, and he was terrible crippled up in the pin bones, waged inveterate warfare against the 'wants,' dragging them into the light, caught in his cruel gins, and hanging them where all might see their glossy velvet coats, and the pink palms of their supplicating hands. He might have been a stony-hearted man, and Unis though she loved him dearly began to sympathise with the moles. But the Squire's daughter, and some one else executing the goose-step in the barrack-yard as if his life depended on it could tell a different tale.

By some mysterious means the Squire's daughter had, from time to time, several messages to deliver from Necklace. 'He hope Unis was dutiful to her father, that Muster Rew was a fine soldier when he was young, and that she ought to love him now; that if there was any sliding she wasn't to allow any of the young men of Zweetery to hold her hand, not even Garge Ridler of the mill.' She sent word back that she never so much as *looked* at George Ridler nor no one else. And so one morning, when Necklace had been gone six months, the 'wanter' paid another visit to his banker, and drew out most of his savings with particular injunctions to the young man behind the counter not to let anyone hear of it, and disappeared from Zweetery for another three days.

After this it was noticeable that Necklace's messages as conveyed by the Square's daughter did not contain any allusions to his military life, and made no answer to Unis's enquiries as to when he would be made a colonel, and pensioned off; indeed he once mentioned that he working at his old trade of carpentering, and Unis concluded that the Queen had discovered his talent in that line, and was making use of it. The messages, moreover, abounded with exhortations to dutifulness, which, coming from her lover, could not but excite Unis's surprise.

And so the months went quickly by, until it was nearly a year since



Necklace left; and David Rew, throwing off his gout with the return of summer, went out 'wanting' as pertinaciously as ever; and one evening, when a pretty little stoat with a white stomach, who had come within the range David's stick, was brought home and nailed to the cottage wall, Unis began to think for the first time in her life that her father was a cruel man. She was going off upstairs to cry over the cherry-coloured ribbon—Necklace's last present—when the 'wanter' called her back, and began the conversation by saying—

'Do 'e think at times of marrying, Unis?'

'Ees, father; yew know I do.'

'Hout tout, mun! I 'on't have any soldier for 'e, if that's what ye reckon on.'

Unis pouted, and did her best not to cry.

'There's a young man as *used* to serve in Her Majesty's army, but give her notice to quit, and joiners and carpenters 'new;' (somebody's heart rose a little bit!) 'He a gude friend o' mine,' (somebody's heart fell again!) 'and he gwine to stay a wake or tew in Zweetery. If yew tew could mak' it up together, I shud be 'mazing glad, sartin zure I shud.'

Unis made a shockingly ugly face, and began to cry.

'Well, little maid, I'm zorry for 'e, but I can't help it; and—and I arn't zure if he arn't at the door this instant minute—I arn't zure, indeed.'

*Somebody* was certainly at the door, and Unis would have escaped to hide her tears if old David hadn't put his back against the staircase door, and shouted—

'Come in, 'ull 'e—come in!'

How Unis recognised the visitor she can't imagine, for it was getting dusk, and she could hardly see through her tears; but certain it is that she found herself in his arms at the very instant old David bolted out of doors, and left them alone together.

\* \* \* \* \*

The 'wanter' laughed so much that evening, and Unis went into such fits of laughing and crying together, that Necklace, who had a good appetite, could hardly eat any supper at all, what with shaking one by the hand and kissing the other. Then there was such a deal to explain, and such a lot to talk about; how old David at his first disappearance had been to see Necklace at the training barracks, and how he had promised, on the condition of Necklace's good behaviour, to buy him out at the end of six months; how he had made Necklace keep this a secret from Unis; how at the end of six months he had fulfilled his promise, and started Necklace as a carpenter in a distant town, still exacting the promise that Unis should be kept in ignorance

how the Squire had promised last week at his daughter's request to give Necklace regular employment on the Home Farm; how upon hearing this old David had sent off at once for Necklace; and how Necklace had thrown up all sorts of profitable jobs, and had accomplished the distance to Sweetery in a less time by half a day than anyone had done it in before. All this and much besides had to be told; so that when Unis had mulled some elderberry-wine, and Necklace and old David sat before the fire drinking it, and Unis watched them, perched on a stool in the chimney-corner; then it happened that the church clock struck ten, and the ringers rang a good-night peal, for it was the Squire's daughter's wedding-day.

And Unis, looking archly in her father's face, said—

‘Do ’e mind, father, zaying you was so fir-rm against Necklace as Zweetery church-tower tied to a gate-post?’

‘Aye, little maid; and yew zed: “Zweetery church-tower do shakie a bit when the bells do ring.”’

PERRIN BROWNE.



## ARABS AND TRAINING SHIPS.

BY R. BATSON.

### IV.

It had done raining, and I stood on Westminster Bridge. At hand the senate, the abbey, the wharfs, under me Thames, above me stars, behind me history, around me destitution. Dives kneels surrounded with the mocking paraphernalia of a murdered creed. Lazarus is had up on the cooked-up charge of stealing the dog which licks his sores. Dollinger and Infallibility, Pusey and the Athanasian phantasmagoria, Voysey and heterodoxy, Colenso and figures, Purchas and vestments, Priests and Levites, are all very busy. Some day—should we ever be disposed to give Christianity a trial—hosts of Peabodies and good Samaritans will stir the pulse of the world, instead of the dynamics of solemn tweedldee, and the polemics of “essential” tweedledum. Society strains at the gnat, and swallows the camel—Arab and all. Then it expectorates him in the shape of a criminal of the first, of the unholyest, water. Of course Christianity will go out into the highways and hedges, when it has time. Meanwhile it has something rather more important to do. Scented, gloved, dinner-napkined people are popping their heads out of this church in agony, into that chapel with relief. They chatter about part sectarian massacres; they sob over flame-touched cathedral piles; they postulate the Q.E.D. of the unprovable; they revel in the apotheosis of the impossible; they split the false hairs of theological chignons, after brushing them with ritualistic machinery; they compound ecclesiastical sauces, guaranteed to be equally savoury and medicinal; they frown at honest doubt, just as if he were a twin brother of honest Iago; they stray from church to church, and take return tickets from England to Rome; they are more anxious to disclaim the seven vials than to reclaim the Seven Dials; they hug the dogmas, the scaffolding

of Christianity, bequeathing love, the temple thereof, to picturesque ruins and Atheistic owls. The eclectic battle of the religious styles rages, but pauperdom rots. It is easy to forget these things over turtle and turbot, pheasant and philosophy, walnuts and wines. If to many people life's agony is only the perverted luxury of leisure, why should they bother about the many-headed, whose uneasy vegetation in this sphere, is relieved by an ugly scramble for vulgar food? A Prussian doctor put down the French losses to one circumstance. Every Frenchman thought that one soldier could be spared, and sneaked away. It is so with the army of possessors of the milk of human kindness. Everybody not only says, 'after me the deluge,' but assures himself that his philanthropic services are superfluous, particularly if you go to business in the wharfs, to club in the senate, and to church in the abbey, why should you trouble your head about the small fry paddling in the Thames? Thames is lined with mudlarks. What of it? The little sinners are rather spoiling the dairy of London, by walking about in embryonic cockney butter; but beyond that they may be forgiven for existing. Well, at all events, there are a number—so forgive.

The boys of disorder swarm. Mudlark No. 1, has fished up a bundle of bits of stick; mudlark No. 2, has amassed two or three seasonable scraps of coal; mudlark No. 3, has hauled an old bottle, and the left boot of a bather; mudlark No. 4, has picked out a 2*d*. Petticoat Lane hat, which only wants a little doing up to be almost as good as new; mudlark No. 5, is greedily fingering a bag of soaked sandwiches, the leavings of a festive steamer; and Arab No. 6, has successfully scrambled for the waistcoat of a suicide, with three sixpences, and the best part of the remains of half a screw of baccy. These are citizens of the good city of London, and lambs of the good religion of Christ.

O it is monstrous! monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it:

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

The name of prosper; it did base my trespass.

Therefore, my son, i' the ooze is bedded; and

I'll seek him deeper e'er plummet sounded,

And with him there lie mudded.

I never yet knew a mudlark to patronise the eupodion boot. These mudlarks swim like the loose fish they are. Give the boy a leather-footing on a training ship. The three types of training ship in existence are all, as I shall show further on, inadequate, not only in



number but in kind. Still so far as they go, they rank among those works which a sensible world would not willingly let die. Suppose we take a loving peep at our chicks—every one of which, I am informed on credible authority, is perfectly human—that are being cooked into sailors on board the 'Chichester.' Happy concurrence of fortuitous atoms! Poor little two-footed, two-armed, two-eyed, tailless members of, at present, un-Darwinian humanity. Well, the routine on the 'Chichester' is, or was, as follows: Our interesting boys wash decks, till seven o'clock breakfast, of bread and chocolate, occasionally porridge; by eight, everything smart for divisions. At the time under consideration, young males amounted to only 200. Each presents a clean set of features, and a tidy head of hair to the eagle-eyed inspector; but this does not satisfy that officer. He strips each boy to the waist: result, the exhibition of straight lithe frames, as free from dirt as driven snow; the stuff is tough, and there is not much spare flesh, till it is filled out by fresh river air, and generous diet. Inspection over, prayers and morning hymn, 'sung in a most spirited manner, without instrumental help.' Those who have heard a piece of sacred minstrelsy, given 'in a most spirited manner, without instrumental help,' in a Sunday school, might carry away a false impression of the character of 'Chichester' ship music. The most pathetic of tenderly beautiful hymns will be sometimes rendered in a Sunday School, with a dash, a relish, and a whirl of rollicking merriment, which not only recalls the 'Dashing Dunbar,' but brings into superb relief the lugubrious drilled countenances of their solemn instructors. After the morning hymn has been rendered, 'in a spirited manner,' on the 'Chichester,' the captain reads a chapter, presumably in a spirited manner also; then he says prayers. To these the boys deliver responses, some in amazingly gruff bass, caused by the remarkable climate in which their young voices have been allowed to run wild. After prayers, day's work begins—3 divisions: 1st, for schooling; 2nd, for seamanship aloft; 3rd, for the minor duties of a salt, such as heaving the lead, knotting and splicing, besides repairing their own clothes, which include neither shooting-coats, dress suits, dressing-gowns, nor smoking-caps, though sufficient for the purposes of the juvenile crew. The hours of labour necessitate no strike for the number of the muses, inasmuch as they amount to but six hours a day, from 8.30 to 11.30 a.m., and from 1.30 to 4.30 p.m., regular work. Each of the three divisions obtain twelve hours instruction weekly. From twelve to fifteen months is the average time of preparation for the sea; then the waves rise, and so do their wages. The captains who hire 'Chichester' boys, are always pleased with the trained waifs and salted strays. Nor is it only that the boys steer

ships heavily labouring on the China seas. One gave Sir Robert Peel every satisfaction in his yacht on the Mediterranean. System achieves these marvels. The progress of each boy is tabled on a great board, hung up on the main deck, and divided into a number of compartments, so that each boy has against his name a line of little pigeon-holes representing the classes through which he must pass. As he passes each, his pigeon-hole is filled up with a piece of wood till he reaches the last, which is filled with a gold plug, and he is then proclaimed ready for sea. Just three years ago there were about thirty gold plugs in the table, and all the 'gold pluggers' have, I believe, turned out, to the ecstasy of their gratified employers, real nuggets. Along this progress board hung a sextant, a prize for the first 'Chichester' shipboy who should pass his examination for mate. Two were neck and neck. Since then the 'Chichester' *old boy* has asked in the spirit of Ruskinian Latin—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.

or, confining himself to his mother tongue, shouts :

For none knows how to do his duty,  
On the main-deck of a beauty,  
Like a thorough-bred 'Chichester' Boy.

Occasionally work is knocked over sooner than usual. Music arises in festive clouds. Forte and piano expressions are given in a manner that puts some pretentious choirs to the blush; many of the voices have all that peculiar flavour of hoarseness which a fine schooling in out-door misery is apt to impart, but some beggar description. At 12, ten minutes' skylarking. Then leading hands set out the mess-tables, cut up an enormous loaf of bread, and fetch from the kitchen a tin containing the rations. The culinary department is presided over by the steward and five or six boys in full training as ships' cooks. The diet is good—meat, potatoes, bread four times a week, two days pea-soup, and first-rate 'sea-pie' on Wednesdays. On Sunday we have bread and treacle, without a bit of Squeers' brimstone. On Christmas Day and Queen's Birthday we have jolly plum pudding, and precious good it is, too; better fun than midnight slumbers under the old railway arch, or a morning dose among the hungry sparrows in the park. But, now hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings, or, more strictly speaking, the ship bell strikes for dinner. The dear boys—always equal to an emergency—bravely range at table. Again the tintinnabulator courts the Zephyr; they sing grace, roll a sonorous amen, preserve a judicious reticence while at business, and, having dined, warble a



deliberate expression of their thanks. At half-past one, buzz and activity reign, the school is rigged up, the tailor, shoemaker and carpenter summon their classes, the yards swarm with boys learning to let out and shorten sail; there you see a couple of boats with crews practising the arts of pulling and steering; here a great bath is alive with young swimmers; signal-boy reports a vessel coming down the river. These are old 'Chichester' boys off to sea; they are ripe; the officer of the watch strokes his nose thoughtfully; then he nods. Yards are 'manned,' shipmates are cheered. We are proud of each other, we public 'Chichester' boys are, as you nobs at Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and Marlborough with your Balliol scholarships, and scores at Lords of a hundred, with your floreats, and your 'Auld Lang Syne.' Let every English boy stick up for his public ship, or public school, or public something, so long as it be public, above board, on board. When we are young, we use words to express our joy, when old to conceal our self-dissatisfaction; even the mudlark screams with delight, and on a certain famous piece of crowded turf I have heard emanating from Eton and Harrow pipes, whose shrillness tells the time of day, notes not of anguish. A scribe, speaking with authority has written, 'A short time ago, the night having set in, we were passing through a dark street, to the inspection of a school, when a gentleman in the company was addressed with, 'How are you, there?' He looked at the Arab, who turned from him with evident displeasure, saying, 'Oh, I thought you were teacher; if you had been, I'd have shaken hands with you.' This, the writer adds, may be a small fact in itself, but it is a mighty one to show the power of sympathy over these Arabs of the Metropolis.' It also signifies that the Arab has in his bosom the germs at all events of that serene consciousness of innate affable superiority which distinguishes the young gentlemen who wear Light Blue and Dark Blue at Lords, and are sufficiently repulsive to cause some 20,000 Londoners to go and see them. That there is a difference in blood, costume, and other particulars between the Etonian and the Arab may be admitted. Still, a boy's a boy, for a' that. Now, it came to pass, that I dreamed a dream. The poet David, the poet Pinder, and the poet Shakespeare sang 'Of all the flowers I love the lily, of all the valleys I love sweet Death, of all the boys I love sweet Willie, of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the strong lily of the valley of the Sunshine of Life.'

Beautiful Death come and love me to heaven, and love me to Death, Godlike boy. Rock me to sleep, many-wintered Death; and though, Willie, my master, my wealth, my fatherland, while all the windows of the dawn are blazing; crush me with the pure snow of thy joyful bosom, sure token of the exultant, the infinite hereafter. Sing one

more wild, sweet song, lovely boy; thou lord of the spring and the rapture of breath, thou white lily of a blameless life, thou young-eyed one answering the young-eyed cherubim, eternally quiring, beyond the valleys. Then the song of the three poets soared on spotless untiring wings fare away into the Seventh Heaven. David cried passionately, 'Absalon, my boy, my boy!' Shakespeare was 'the slave' of 'the sweet boy' of the sonets. And Pindar died in the arms of a beautiful boy. Were David, Shakespeare, and Pindar fools?

Now peep at the following facts. In the five vessels of the Royal Navy used for training boys for the service, the average number receiving instruction during the year 1870 was 2,450. The number that entered her Majesty's service in the year was 2,870; they are required to engage for long service—that is, ten years from the age of 18. Boys are eligible for entry on board the training-ships between the ages of 15 and 16½. In 1870, 124 boys were discharged on account of illness, incapacity, or misconduct. At the end of the year 2,955 were in the training-vessels; at the end of 1869, 2,421; at the end of 1886, 2,646. Now how neat all this is. What a sense of progress pervades these details. One tit-bit of authentic information follows the other, and all is trim and cosy. It is very pleasant for healthy, capable, and well-conducted people to read that, by the way, in 1870 124 boys were discharged on account of illness, incapacity, or misconduct. But this one fact makes child's play of the whole thing. The training ship, in its first intention, exists to make bad boys good, vicious boys tolerable, tempted boys safe. Ergo, the instant that your boys misconduct themselves discharge them. Send them back into the dens, sties, rookeries, and stews of infamous London. If they are likely to steal, garotte, by all means let them work out sheir destiny. The training-ship seems to be a trap for caging the harmless, and setting the dangerous at large. Now the 124 were the very boys that needed the most looking after. Illness and incapacity when leashed with destitution tend towards misconduct. The 124 were certainly not wanted on board to contaminate their fellows. But still less does society want them to prowl in the streets. It is a thousand pities that that some sterling piece of experienced manhood like Rob Roy should not lick the young cubs into shape, or superintend the machinery of their reformation. True an unattractive boy is a monster, as the *Saturday Review* says of the unlovely exceptions to the rule of masculine juvenility *optimi pessima corruptio*. But our training-ships neither pretend nor ought directly to aim at the æsthetic. Their business is solid social reform, and purification at its tender and flexible roots. No type of training-ship comes up to the mark. Just where purification is most wanted, they throw up the sponge; just where the



reformers ought to come up smiling they shirk the combat with iniquity by elaborating a fearful moral frown. The training-ships in existence are founded upon three inadequate systems. The 'Cornwall' in the Thames, and the 'Akbar' and 'Clarence' (the latter for Catholic boys) in the Mersey, serve for the reformatory or criminal class; the 'Chichester' in the Thames, and the 'Indefatigable' in the Mersey are founded upon the voluntary principle, and are supported by voluntary contributions; the 'Havannah' at Cardiff is certified under the Industrial School Act of 1861; the 'Wellesley' in the Tyne, and the 'Southampton' at Hull are certified under the Industrial Schools Act of 1866. In other words, our training-ships either reform the boy who has been a criminal, play at reforming the boy who is not a criminal on the voluntary principle, or they industrialise the vagrant under Government. In neither case is a boy who commits his first crime under these stately reconstructors of the fabric of society so treated that it becomes his last. No, once prove that the Arab wants being carefully looked after, and instead of being 'a brand snatched from the fire,' he is industrially thrown back into the blaze of pinched, reeling, empty-minded, skeleton-key-twisting, knuckle-duster-brandishing, round-the-corner-trick-perpetrating, Bobby-slipping, swag-hunting, police-news-devouring, bloodshot-eyed, raw, ragged, stunted, starved, lost London.

Would it not be as well to have a training-ship devoted to the Arabs who misconduct themselves on training-ships? A more recent illustration of the evil lies at hand: Canon Gregory recorded that the managers of a National School in Holborn had summarily rejected thirty rough boys, whom a Board visitor had sent into their school, on the ground that these thirty boys 'would lower the discipline and injure the teaching of the school.' The rejection is condemned out of its own voice. Indeed, the more it is to be condemned on the grounds of its justification. We certainly do not want thirty boys to lower the discipline, and injure the teaching of any school of brick. But it is precisely for this very reason that we have to apprehend serious disaster from an organized influx of bad boys into the streets, the broad, wicked school of the pavement. It might even be urged that a majority of respectable children would have more influence on the black lambs than the black lambs on them. But I am willing to cast such considerations to the winds. The power of evil is, I fear, in itself a majority, and good children may find it far easier to be bad by bad example, than bad children to be good after good models. The rough children then ought to be kept apart from the respectable. Agreed. But do not let the barrier be that awful gulf which separates children under any sort of educational and moral supervision, and those

to whom education is an undiscovered country, and the word moral presents food only for a stare.

Again, if teachers are justified in objecting to children who will contaminate their plastic innocent charges, it is only on that one ground of 'contamination.' There must be no favouritism in the solemn business of educating and reclaiming. I have spoken from the æsthetic point of view of boyhood, in order, if possible, to lend an attraction to the onerous duty of instructing boys in themselves æsthetically unattractive to a degree. Yet I can imagine no more intrinsically satisfying task than successfully coaxing a malicious little thief and vagabond, by tenderest gradations, up the steep slope to honourable citizenship. Meanwhile, by the latest accounts there is a wavering little army of known Arabs, amounting to the lively tune of 64,539 absent from school. These Abrabs, which the School Board was created to rescue, are neither respectabilities nor paupers, neither well-to-dos nor neer-do-wells. They and their belongings jog along. To add to the ugliness of this colossal social problem, many of the wealthy schools are shut up, owing, as Lord Shaftesbury points out, to the former contributors being either unwilling or unable to give contributions and also pay rates. It is urged that this is only the emigration hobby over again. Those who can help themselves will all rush to help. But the poorest of the poor disarm our good offices, debar us from axiliar and even eleemosynary demonstrations, demonstrations, and accept our pressing invitation to go to the devil. When therefore Mr. Reed proposes that 2,500 Arabs should be distributed over the voluntary schools and the Board schools, at the rate 15 per school—a system which is the law in New South Wales—Prebendary Thorold is sufficiently happy in saying that the managers of the voluntary schools would regard it as a great joke. The fifteen would be perfectly destitute, and the penniless are the world's horror, the by-word of all men, a shaking-of-the-head to the nation, for even our own colonists refused English paupers. Everybody will lend a little money to calls in a hired carriage and a borrowed coat to propose the loan. It is only those who, we are sure are farthingless, excite our disgust.

Well, there is another way out of the difficulty, and a very satisfactory one. The Rev. Llewellyn Davies suggests that the very best clue through the labyrinth would be to establish schools of a semi-penal character. In the teeth of this well-meant but inconsiderate proposal Lord Shaftesbury asks, "How is it consistent with Christianity, humane feeling, and common sense thus to brand myriads of these little things of the tenderest years with marks of criminality? I do not hesitate to say, and I have known them long, that for quick-



ness of understanding—warmth of heart—and docility of spirit, they equal to the best of the children of the kingdom.”

Illustrations of the truth of this might be adduced as thick as blackberries. But let no one, in the case of an Arab, confound ‘warmth of heart’ [with courteous reciprocity of overtures. The Arab may like you when he knows you; but, till then, ware dog, look out for squalls, and ask, ‘Is this a dagger’-drawing Arab ‘that I see before me?’ A school was opened in the East-end. Some ladies and gentlemen appeared as teachers. These they were all perfumes, smiles, dinner-anecdote-hunting, and coudescension. They were ready to inaugurate the studies of the academy. But the ceremony could hardly be pronounced an unqualified success; because the door were drummed, the windows rattled, the pupils were lax, the air was darkened with a shower of dirt and stones, the lamps were then put, the landlord struggled to close his doors, the neighbours were frightened out of their wits, the gentlemen required exercise and ran for their lives, and the screams of the ladies, albeit they were ‘strong-minded,’ in pursuit, were more hideous than any which had been heard within the memory of the oldest inhabitant in a quarter almost unique for blasphemy. East-end schools generally commence under auspices similarly startling. But, just as astronomy, with its blessings to commerce, so you cannot tame the Arab, and minimize the police intelligence for A.D. 1900 without winning your spurs. The Arabs which will murder, commit rape, and gouge the eyes of society, hereafter are not to be tamed without a little trouble. But they are best worth taming. The sturdy little rascal on the stool there, with the clenched lip, will make a clever convict, or a clever constable.

He wants to be in the open air and use his limbs. If you don’t prevent it, he’ll get locked up for somebody else’s crime, come out a desperado, taught by an abandoned fellow-prisoner, or he’ll be told in a casual ward that thieving is better than the hospitality extended to the [pauper, both in itself, and in the comparatively comfortable prison which solaces the pickpocket’s misfortunes. Sixty-four thousand, five hundred and ninety-nine possible ruffians are not a pleasing prospect. I really don’t see why my grandson should be kicked to death, or have his organs of vision scooped out by a practised finger and thumb, because the School Board is morally polishing the neat children, who deserve ‘a cup for a good boy,’ and letting the scapegraces grow up to furnish items for unborn methodical statisticians, in instances of criminals “who, it was found, could not read and write.”

Just imagine 64,559 unfettered fathers, of low-foreheaded families, in our own country alone, while the scum of every capital in Europe

is soothing its conscience with philanthropic phrases, and crimsoning its claws with contagious bloodshed.

Our older civilisations had luxury, selfishness, and vice to sap their vigour, but the instrument that stamped them to ashes was wielded from without. The blow which threatens our social economy, is no swoop of Goth, Vandal, Gaul, from foreign forests, and of alien blood. If Bismarck found room for this island in the palm of his busy hand, we should be Bismarcked, but civilised still. If our doom comes from an outsider, one civilization will be making a friendly meal out of another civilization, and civilization that will hold its own. No, the danger of the civilization of Europe is the stench, the ignorance, the sickness, the frantic, envious destitution of its mammoth capitals and big cities. Did not the Bishop of Manchester the other day speak of its vast, unfed, and stunted population, and of the Commune of Paris, in a breath? Barbarism is not outside us. It is inside. It is at our heart. It is at the core of the glitter. I know some dozen editors of the London press. I do not know one who does not dread the future. 'Things can't go on at this rate.' Civilization used to be sent to the right-about by human animals who stared at art, and obeyed the fine raw instinct that simplifies the action of the wolf. The human animals abound now, crying with the Commune of Paris, 'I believe in no God, and no man,' loving nothing but itself, with an arch-angelic swagger, and a fiendish swoop, a thing of pruriency and guts, a neglected and dangerous monster, with none of the supreme consolations of heart and head which surrounds the destitution of scholars with a halo of large and lovely joy. Civilised Europe will never be invaded by a savage Africa. But Place is nothing, Force everything, Force everywhere, brute Force, which would pride itself on burning out local spots of poisonous misery in a universal bonfire. And what is this adult brute Force in its germ? Tell them again, my Lord Shaftesbury. It has 'warmth of heart equal to the best children in the country?' Where there is heart there is hope. I know a young lady who almost worships her cats. There must be some good in that Anglo-Egyptian lady. If the Commune had had anything to love or reverence, it would not have been the laughing-stock of disgusted Europe. If it could have only worshipped the cat, it would not have played the wolf. Why, then, do not the warm-hearted children become cold-blooded men? Why do we waste the good thing? Warm hearts are none too common. Why do we encourage the bad thing? Broken heads are common enough. Remember how easy the change from the good thing to the bad thing must be when hunger stands up and says, 'I am your master, obey me!'—when ignorance whispers, 'There's nothing in the world of importance but



swag and beer!—when respectable Christianity shouts, ‘I thank God I am not as others are, or even as this Arab!’—and when the nucleus of our educational comet swishes 70,000 cubs out of the school-rooms with its tail. Cubs?—who made them so?—not nature, but men—Christian men.

Now, Professor Seeley remarks that it is possible to raise the question whether Christianity has done most harm or good on the whole. Gladstone says no, it is not possible. But inasmuch as his essay on ‘Ecce Homo’ is an effeminate chuckle of secular Mariolatry, his contradiction ranks least among the daughters of sound. Now, with the greatest respect for the constructive Professor Seeley, and the greatest amazement for the destructive Premier Gladstone, I want to know whether there were no Christians before the Founder of Christianity, who put to shame those who came after him. Were there no Pagans who with chivalrous exactitude would have obeyed the request ‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven?’ Were the Crusaders better Christians than the sacred phalanx of Thebes? Was the rough Luther a very much truer Christian than the pure and gentle Plato? I believe that the greatest faults of Paganism mostly exist in the imagination of effeminate Christian uncharitableness. I share the astonishment of Matthew Browne, expressed in his article on ‘Modesty in Art,’ which appears in the September number, of the almost typically Christian theological review, at the narrow-mindedness which in the person of Mr. Thring actually puts into print the dictum that ‘*all subtle und sweet emotioas* were denied to the Pagan.’ Matthew Browne continues, ‘Does Mr. Thring know (even by photograph merely, as it is my misfortune to do) a Cupid and Psyche, by Gerard, in the Louvre? Were ‘all sweet and subtle emotions’ denied to the human creatures, who, feeling after God, if haply they might find him, invented the exquisite myth which inspired that picture? And when criticism has done its worst upon the artist’s work, will any sober mortal contend that the unclad Cupid—

Amor, nicht das kind, der Jungling—

has no ‘expression,’ because he has no bceeches? I assert that, from the top of the finger to *i bei fianchi*—what is good enough for Tasso is good enough for me—and from ‘the beautiful flanks’ down to the feet, the ‘mere shape’ of the divine boy is alive with reverence and tenderness. Quite so. And what is good enough for Tasso and Art and Matthew Browne and Modesty, is also good enough for me and my relations to—

## THE BOY GOD.

## I.

Where thy voice ceases, there is music's close,  
 And where thy smile is not, none taste the light  
 Bloom of the peach, aroma of the rose,  
 Feed all thy honey-sucking lovers day and night,  
 Searching the pleasant slopes with tremulous delight.

## II.

Now as I see thee laving, lovely boy;  
 Thy white limbs shining in the sun's fierce ray,  
 The curves which make thy nakedness a joy  
 Bid all our weary creeds retrace their perfumed way,  
 And they will come to thee, the penitents, and pray.

## III.

Pardon the worship of each water-nymph,  
 Whose tresses trail, knees ache, and bosom bleeds,  
 To wipe thy dripping form, to drink the lymph  
 With her most-favoured locks, to lip the sighing reeds  
 Beneath thee, still to follow where the boy-god leads.

## IV.

Part, lord, the figure of thy precious grace !  
 Between their kisses. Even as lambkirts bleat  
 About the udder, so with thy loved face  
 Moisten their yearning eyes, and press thy rosy feet  
 Full on each stooping neck in pity soft and sweet.

## V.

Now swoon I dumb with worship, while thy arm  
 Tightens around me moaning at thy breast,  
 Save thy displeasure there exists no harm,  
 Save thy compassionate embrace, there is no rest,  
 Now I alone—I evermore am blest.

## VI.

What manna-raining tenderness is thine !  
 Say, hast thou found thy slave, and I my master ?  
 Thy beauty overflows me, boy-divine ;  
 Softer than velvet, white as alabaster,  
 No suckling mother e'er soothed infant faster.

## VII.

Boy beautiful—thou perfect, thou supreme,  
 To look is life, to lose one radiant beam  
 Who my religion art, my shield from crime,  
 Death's sting. Even from the cradle to this present rhyme  
 I multiplied thy face, to fill all space and time.



## VIII.

So that whenever I think or dream or pray,  
 In thee each rose, lark, vine, and rainbow dies,  
 Through all the ringing planets of the day,  
 Belts me the boundless naked crowd, young forms, young eyes,  
 Storms of young laughter, fresh young melodies.

## IX.

Ah! Eros—for 'tis he—shakes pinions fairy,  
 Quick lifts his much-kissed bosom off my lips;  
 Flown—he has flown—light fragrance, music airy;  
 Some other roving bee the bright-winged flower sips,  
 And in far distant waves each luscious organ dips.

## X.

Strange waterfalls wreath into mist and pine,  
 Fresh water-lilies pale against his thigh;  
 Some other slave, low at the boy-god's shrine,  
 Kneels till he, smiling, nods 'lie down, my creature, lie'—  
 Lies till his languid scorn is ripe and bids him die.

## XI.

See how we hate—we who are Christians born  
 Then mark, in holy writ Platonic, how  
 True men and honoured lay from eve to morn,  
 Proud at the doors of boys' beloved, but now  
 Chivalry lies entombed. Wan, weary, weeping, worn,  
 I dare adore, thou condescend to scorn.

Under such circumstances, it is instructive to remember that in the 19th century of the Christian era out of 1,600 children between 5 and 17, instructed in 15 ragged schools, 162 had been in prison, 116 had run away from their homes, 170 had slept in iniquitous lodgings, 263 lived by begging, 216 had no shoes or stockings, 280 had no hat or cap, 101 had no body linen, 249 never slept in beds, 68 were the children of convicts, 128 had stepmothers, 306 had lost one or both parents, a large proportion both. What has Christianity done for these boys? Do they derive any benefit from the core of the teaching of Christ—"Little children love one another"?

True, Charles Kingsley has a good dash of 'paganism' about him. Let Birmingham believe what he told her last month:—"I would accustom men's eyes to those precious heirlooms of the human race, the statues of the old Greek—to their tender grandeur, their chaste healfness, their unconscious (because perfect) might, and say, 'There are tokens to you and all generations of what man could be once, of what he can be again, if he would obey those laws of nature, which are the voice of God.' Well, as Shakespeare said of grafting

so may it be said of training, which alone makes perfect sculpture—the Art itself is Nature. It follows that the art of training is as old as that civilisation which it seeks to heal. Indeed, in former times it used to be practised under advantages now wanting. Whereas the rival champions of the Isis and the Cam enjoy by no means an exceptional salubrity in their fogs and flats. The principal schools of the Roman athletæ were in the healthiest spot of Italy, at Capua and Ravenna—a hint for Ruskin, who wants to be useful. In those days men were men—in these days men are girls. Petticoat on the brain has been the modern disease too long, but the most melancholy symptoms are disappearing. A few more Miss Jex Blakes, and society will be dis-illusionired. “Save us!” will be the cry from this self-asserting mountain of padding and affectation, these piles of feminine heel, these neutralising Grecian bends, these synchronizing womanish struts, womanish stoops, and whiskered idolaters. Save us from this croquet lawn for a sanctuary, this mallet for a pastoral staff, and also save us from cruelty to the yearning fair, the wild majesty of whose infinite devotion is in some instances too sacred for words. God created woman to exercise man’s noble organ of compassion. The ancient world knew this was healthy, lived in the open air, neither beat its wife nor worshipped her. There were giants in those days and no woman’s rights. Canon Kingsley cracked up Greek statues—Canon Kingsley pitched into female affectation. The link between the eulogy and the stricture was too obvious for Canon Kingsley to mention. Let us take all the carpets up, scour the floor of society well, see if we cannot get a sniff of fresh air, if we cannot wrestle with the masculine problems of real life. Canon Kingsley observes that many people have eyes, and see not—ears, and hear not. How can they when a mountain of petticoats impedes the vision, and a chorus of feminine screams riddles the ear? In old days the croquet lawn was unknown, but athletic sports flourished tolerably. The stately-limbed Greeks had kings for their referees and poets for their reporters. The referee of the Pythian Games was Philip of Macedon, the reporter of the Pythian Games was Pindar. Every line of the burning bard, written in honour of the chaplet of wild olive was repaid in gold. Was ever ‘reporter’ of athletic sports more eloquent or ‘liner’ better paid? Well, if we do not cap the victor with laurel, we do cap the Pythian Games with a parallel. Why not reproduce the principles of the Greek gymnasia, as well as the combats of the Pythian Games? Cramped in our crowded urban hives, pale with shopkeeping, poisoned with fetid air, martyrs to the physical deterioration of great cities. I envy Lord Houghton’s men of old. The young Greeks, for example, were drilled, bathed, oiled, shampooed. They were taught by accomplished professors to harden the



curves of their limbs, consolidate the knots of their muscles. and develop the beauty of their fibre. Hence they crushed the untrained multitudes of Persia. Can you imagine a Greek mudlark, a Greek croquet player? The fanciful achievement is impossible, Greek men and boys are together at the gymnasium, as they ought to be, forming friendships, organising motives for chivalry, and rooting out all the tyrants in the world.

Well, said Russeau, 'strip yourself of your civilisation,' seeing that training is civilisation's path back to nature. 'The want of money is all men's disease,' exclaimed Balzac—disease truly. The ledger is the merchant's Bible,' exclaimed Burke—Bible, Prayer-book, and Hymn-book, too. By steam we make long purses and short men. Canon Kingsley refers to the *mens sana in corpore sano*; but the ancients, who applied that oft-quoted maxim, had not our perils to encounter. It was to counteract a tendency dangerous in all ages, but absolutely terrible in this, that Plato, Aristotle, and our own grand, healthy-minded Milton insisted on a physical basis to citizenship. The education of the Greek youth, as we have seen, would have been imperfect without them; and what was the result? It was in Greece, accordingly, that the finest, the healthiest, and the most vigorous forms were produced—forms which live in incomparable marble—forms like Dean Milman's Apollo, 'too fair to worship, too divine to love;' forms which, though dumb, yet speak, and, speaking calmly, pronounce the degeneration of our race. It was all very well, as my old friend with the largest and the warmest circulation in the world, did the other day, to harp on the strength and grace which drill and fencing lend to the figures of our boys and youths. The few who enjoy such exceptional advantages, like the rest of us, grow up into puffing Paterfamilias, pale plutocrats; into bowed human bookworms. and bowing human butterflies; into corpulent vicfims to the table, or stooping slaves to the counter. Let Phidias himself appear at Temple Bar, and how many models would he find for the statues which we so much admire? It is impossible to dismiss the question as romantic. A well-knit frame is the sign of health, the strength of units, the stay of nations. The criterion of good condition or proper training is a smooth, elastic, transparent, good-looking skin. It is a simple fact that an improvement of a nation's appearance can only be realised co-extensively with the improvement of its physique. Indeed, the 'well-shaped' Greeks themselves made the gymnasium do the solid work of doctors.

It was Herodotus who first applied the regimen of the gymnasium to the removal of disease, which Asclepiades entirely supplanted, with exercises of his own invention and prescription. Thus was demon-

strated long before the brilliant sarcasm of Voltaire, the inadequacy of the guarantee of health and strength which consists in "putting drugs of which we know little into bodies of which we know less." Training is often more wholesome than a plethora of medicine-chests. Many sufferers from gout, obesity, and bilious complaints, would do better, instead of persisting in overdosing, to cease to under-exercise their bodies. Human nature cries for fair play for its limbs; but the whirl of machinery, the agony of competition, the concentration of oppidanism, the shriek of steam stifles.

But why should "Christianity" care for mere stunted untrained Arabs? Pert as sparrows, not so plump, they span the gutters, squat at the mouths of the courts, wear trousers, if at all, up to the knee, tailed coats that trail beneath the heels, live in an atmosphere which in summer is cacodorous, and in raw winter scream, and sing, and shiver. Thus spawn, thus perish our newts and toads, our plucky frogs that never croak, our embryo gaol birds that always warble. When your Arab is not starving, he is in the highest spirits. He may be coated with nothing more substantial than snow, but to the votaries of a civilised despair, his careless shout is as a barometer pointing to set fair, as a musical snuff-box which of itself performs lively tunes, as Punch is when good-humouredly tapping the cranium of Judy, as the man who has just come into a thumping legacy, or into parliament, or this instant won the woolsack, or the Derby. His felicity is a perpetual motion of shocks of natural self-sufficiency, only broken by empty, aggressive, inexorable craving for something to eat. When we consider his surroundings, this phenomenon is as incongruous as salmon-fishing out of the Langham windows, or a fox-hunt among the fountains of Trafalgar Square. Alleys, long and narrow, like tobacco-pipes, drains and stagnant pools, which on being touched by the silver-nobbed cane of a wandering Bacchanal, emit a mephitic coruscation, a poisonous gas like that of soda-water, which constitutes his only need, walls black with damp and slime, oozy passages squeezing the arm of the explorer, odours novel, but not of Rimmell, wardrobes picturesque, but not of Poole, a silence broken not by the twang of stringed instruments, or the tones of dreamy nightingales, but by the howls of fury, of pugnacity, and intoxication, an apartment graced by the wretched ghost of a one-legged stool, an atmosphere of sleepy headache, a common bed of rags, emulating the nastiness of the floor, for all ages and both sexes; it is among such things as these that the Arab can exult. His mercurial out-of-door life and temper prevents his taking a funereal view of things, and he manages to pick up crumbs of comfort anywhere. A penny gaff, a threepenny music-hall, shilling theatre with eel-pie supper, this is his rollicking treat of treats.



His love for these things is a delusion and a snare, as is proved by the marine stores. On one occasion an Arab coolly sold nine pounds of human bones to a marine store-dealer living at Tanner's Hill, Deptford. The discovery of the precise character of the goods was not made till after his departure. The transaction, however grotesque, is useful as bringing into strong relief a host of equivocal tradesmen who (and I am now making no personal reference) are, by stretch of courtesy, called marine store-dealers, but are, in point of fact, licensed receivers of stolen goods. The courts and back streets of our great city abound in significant notices, printed in mammoth type, an amusing but literally accurate sample of which has been published by the *Edinburgh Review*. "Do you want money? Come to the Black Doll and get it. Twopence per lb. for rags and tailors' trimmings; 1d. per lb. for rags and tailors' trimmings; 1d. per pound for paper; 6d. per lb. for horsehair; 2d. for kitchen-stuff; something for anything and everybody." Such an announcement is, of course, the Paradise of the unfortunate, unprincipled errand-boy, who has so much to carry and pilfer from, that he ascertains to be saleable. It presents a still more terrible temptation to the poor, foodless, penniless gutter-child. Is it not natural that he should grasp at such a chance of putting something into his mouth and pocket—at so tempting a passport to some delightful hall of entertainment, glaring with gas and sensational with song? Then the apprentice thinks that 'the governor' would not miss one of his tools, and the page feels sure his master could spare a bottle. Now, in the face of such eloquent incentives to crime, as these marine stores, why does not Government enforce upon the dealers an exact register of all their purchases, and a suspension of their traffic before dusk? Take an illustration. Sydney Edward Smith, an errand-boy, in company with a porter named Pearson, was convicted at the Guildhall for stealing silk, the property of Mr. Goss, No. 64, Bartholomew Close, to the value of £40. This he handed over to an accomplished tactitian in such matters—to a prostitute living in the Goswell Road—named Polly. She sold it for £1 18s. 6d.; 13s. 4d. falling to his share, an equal sum to that of Pearson, and Polly retaining the remainder. Now while I have no wish to exonerate Master Smith, it is difficult to resist the conviction that there must be something rotten in the state of the English system of law which pounces upon him and his tribe, but takes no steps to thwart the career of criminals typified by the more abandoned Polly. Then the proprietor of the marine store, or whatever 'crib' it was, in which, on purchasing £40 of silk, a profit was made of over £38, ought to be traced to his lair. In fact, the entire case most forcibly points one of my suggestions touching such depositories of stolen goods. Had an exact register

of all such purchases been enforced, who would have cared to enter on his books the suspicious item of £40, precisely corresponding to a publicly known loss in a warehouse, with the prospect of its being carefully scrutinized by a Government inspector? What boy, again, would ever, for his own sake, steal such valuables as silk at all? Meanwhile, under our present system, the adult who derives nearly all the benefit of the depredation for which the child suffers, is at large, chuckling no doubt over the briskness of the trade and the inability of the law to disturb him in the enjoyment of its magnificent proceeds. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that during the year 1870 there was a gallant little army of 112 men and 28 women, sappers and miners of the foundations of youthful virtue, receivers of stolen goods. But 'leading business' is not silk, so much as lead and iron. Two or three samples must suffice. More fell than Sparta, hunger, or the sea; less afraid of hidden crevasses than the best chamois-hunters in the Alps, or than such mountain-scaling tip-top guides as Croz or Anderegg, the Bow Street Committee, the metal-pilfering scourge and terror of unroofed shopkeepers—were sentenced to various terms of incarceration. Then for six weeks they glided day by day out of cells, night by night on to roofs. Two of the brighter stars of the gang stripped lead to the tune of £2 or £3 off the roof of an unoccupied house in Bow Common Lane. The bucks, rook and buck, were rooked. The adventurous rook, while soaring among skylights, 'flying the blue dove,' had been crippled before—caged in fact for six months—while three baffled swag-hunts in Bow and Poplar immortalise the again-winged high-flyer rook. The pair were incarcerated once more. *Cui bono?* Simply to oscillate from swag to prison, from prison to swag.

It is even less use 'committing' such boys, than women who have been 'committed' for drink, and to drink all their lives. If crime is habit, why should its cure be spasm? An Arab of six knows how to lay hold of any metal, lead, gold, iron, silver, or even copper reposing in a till. Now they steal very little coin, their opportunities being limited. But they can at once turn the lead and iron into money. How many respectable adults would be at once able to rid themselves of such ponderous suspicions-looking goods in this lucrative manner? Whether our disreputable juniors like Buckle 19, Rook 18, 'fly the blue dove' in Bow-common Lane, or whether, like Patrick Mahony, 14, they prefer to bag-screw from the Regent's-canal Dock, or whether, with John Chamberlain and party it pleases them to wrench up the railing from a family tomb in Victoria Park Cemetery, they one and all find a dealer in old metal 'to enable them to utilise their depredations.' Here, then, surely is the target at which the arrowy acumen of legal shafts should aim; you may roll a human whisky-tub out of a whisky shop; he rolls



back. You may cage the nimble limbs of a young thief for six months, but you do not thereby freeze the hot young blood. The longer you cage him, the more he longs to 'fly the blue dove' again. Why not aim at the roots of the evils—the desire to drink to excess of intoxicating liquors, the opportunity of selling stolen metals? It might be imagined that the quantity of base metal, which it is legal to buy, is so large as to clear the field of these petty thefts. Not a bit of it. Arabs can combine like grown-up workmen. It has been rather the habit to fancy that because the multiplicity of cyphers amounts itself to but a cypher, the amalgam of working men can not present any really very momentous opposition to such social forces as wealth, character, and education. But it is the stones, which are chipped into the minutest fragments, which form the smoothest, firmest road. It is because of their similarity of circumstances, and, comparatively speaking, of mental cast, that what society calls its simpler and lower elements aggregate into uniform masses with so formidable a facility. It is just because the apex of popular ignorance is so insignificantly minute, that it is the apex, that it acts as head to the solid pyramid, the broad basis of which is the resultant of misapplied energies and wasted force, that all the component characteristics of trade-unionism find in it a common culminating dangerous centre. The little Arabs have still less difficulty in welding themselves into a compact mass. They club together, scrape up as much metal as they can, and get a respectable-looking man to sell it. As the Arab 'flies the blue dove,' from one point of view he is sublime; he knows what he wants. Beneath the tiles which he unlooses, an adult is fast himself making a tile loose in his own upper story. The Arab is quite certain, as he moves about the roof, that he wants slate; but the man beneath him is not at all certain whether or not Biogeny always takes the form of Homogenesis, and the organism produced is the counterpart of its antecedent, or occupies a point in the cycle of life of the same species, or whether there may be Xenogenesis, or the production of animals foreign in nature and species, to those from which they received life.

The adult's brain is 'encumbered with too much serving' with too loyal a devotion to his never-to-be-appeased curiosity. The Arab on the next roof knows what he wants. Not so the man, in the chamber below, who does not know whether he prefers the German literature, that runs on daintily making pretty verses about Love and Wine, God and Virtue, Spring and Fatherland, or the iron striving after the true and beautiful, distinguishing the German literature stamped by Lessing, Winkelmann, Kant, Moser, Hamann and Herder. The Arab on the next roof knows to a T, to a tile what he wants,—slate. The man under the table in the unroofed garret does not know whether he wants

more brandy or more beer. It is not till the next morning that these gentlemen, having desisted from their fruitless aspirations after the Great Unknown, nevertheless reach the lofty altitude of positive certainty calmly trodden by the arab the night before, and like him enjoy the absolute knowledge of what they want. It is the slate which has gone to the marine stores. It is sufficiently clear that boys who can 'fly the blue dove' are likely to be able to climb a mast. A fact which is less obvious, but equally true is that the Arab in some cases is able to fly the blue poetic bird up Parnassus. Quoth Mortimer Collins in the Marquis and the Merchant. 'People squabble over a Bishop of Exeter, who seems to tread on heresy; they do not stir a finger to rescue from poverty one street-boy, who will be a thief, but who might perchance be a Shakespeare; and, therefore, worth more than all the prelates and priests of all the churches. How can men dare to waste in this foolish fashion the imperishable blood which filled the veins of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron?' Precisely so. The loss to science, to art, to literature caused by destitution will never be known. But the host of our poets who have been Arabs or small tradesmen is so large that like Darwinism it points a moral and adorns a jail. The lower you go, the more lyrists you haul. For the purpose of sounding the soft, sweet places of the heart, the surface of the senate is too wide; of the cloister to severe, of the drawing-room too refined. Bards like fish often lie at the bottom of the scale. There is a striking affinity between the fire of the priceless Muse and that of the vendable fusee. How many mute inglorious Miltons are there in a million Arabs? If there's one, let's have him. How many counterparts of the white Swan of Avon have there ever lurked in the black mudlarks of the Thames? Lord Lytton says that the cleverest man meets a cleverer. But the stars have no inspiration for a clever poet's eye in a hungry frenzy rolling. You must first body forth your own shape with flesh before you body forth the shapes of things unknown. You can not give the most ætherial touch of tenderness divine a name, while your name is Nobody's Child, or a local habitation while your local habitation is a kennel. Head it above the Slough of Despond, before you paint this bank and shoal of time. And then it may be, you may show that Parnassus has been the public school of song. Yes, in spite of the hereditary genius argument, innumerable instances go to prove that genius flashes in an eccentric orbit of its own, quite independently of antecedents. Pope, Southey, John Scott, and John Byrom, who certainly did not bequeath 'the vision and faculty divine' to their children, as certainly had for their fathers linendrapers of the ordinary stamp.

Among other illustrations of nature's caprice in the teeth of the



neatest theories of man, Cowley was the son of a grocer; Cawthorne, of an upholsterer; Falcon, of a barber; Isaac Watts, of a shoemaker; Prior, probably of a joiner; Davies, though the point has been disputed by Anthony Wood, of a tanner; William Whitehead, of a baker; and Paul Whitehead, of a tailor. The male parents of Dyer, Blackmore, and Davenant agreed in being sufficiently tame nonentities, but different in their respective capacities of solicitor, attorney, and innkeeper. It was a wine-cooper whose fatherly pride was flattered by the powers of Cunningham. Chatterton was the scion of a writing usher; Dodsley, of the master of a free school; while Gray, 'the most learned poet since Milton,' was, like him, the offspring of a scrivener. Logan, Wilkie, and Beattie were the children of farmers. Keats had reason to know the secrets of the stable; Shakespeare's father was a glover and yeoman as well as, according to Rowe, 'a considerable dealer in wool,' and, according to Aubrey, 'a butcher.' Perhaps the most forcible illustration possible of the frequent contrast between the homely pursuits of a father, and the delicate sensibilities of his son may be gathered from the spectacle of a butcher's boy alternately serving his father by disburdening his head of a beef-laden tray at a customer's door, and obeying the dictates of nature in disburdening his heart of an impassioned sonnet to his mistress, or his imagination of a weird ode to the moon. The poet Akenside was such a butcher's boy. So was the scholar and poetic genius for the honour of possessing and exhibiting whose monument the chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, and the church of All Saints' parish, in that hero-worshipping city two years ago contended with so honourably keen an emulation, Henry Kirke White. When genius has opportunities and loses them, I pity genius. When genius has no opportunities to lose, I pity society. And depend upon it, when thousands upon thousands have not a crust, in the case of some of them, society loses more than a crust-worth of happiness, pathos, and wisdom. For one poor boy, whose success adorns the 'Self-help' of a Smiles, there are hundreds with brains and mental powers who cannot surmount the mountains of difficulty which intercept the pursuit of knowledge. Imagine the pain. Look you, Milton went to Cambridge at sixteen, of low parentage and all the native force it could give him. Plant him with nothing but a run of bad luck, or what is so called in the lowest slums of White-chapel. No 'Paradise Lost,' no vigorous pamphlets, no secretaryship to Cromwell, only hunger and heart-burning. Or, never mind the question of parentage, take and pitchfork into the East End moral desert of Sahara, Bacon and Barrow, who went to Cambridge at thirteen, Hooker who was packed to Oxford at fifteen, Seldon and Hobbes at fourteen, Bentham at twelve, and Donne at ten, Berkeley, who was

planted at Trinity, Dublin, at fifteen, Burke, at fourteen, George Buchanan, who was despatched to Paris at fifteen, Hugo Grotius, who joined Leyden before he was twelve, what angry, fierce, miserable Arabs some of these would have been. We read of Grub Street, and the fraternizing brace of *litterati*, who took it in turns to go out in their one pair of trousers. Burke's 'Sublime and Beautiful' would have been only an anguish if it had been crushed for want of breeches.

What an awful waste there is in human nature! There are sensitive, isolated scraps of juvenile humanity, gifted with the cream of every advantage which can belong to human body, mind, soul—but they never have a chance. In a future state they might rejoice to celebrate all the harvest moons of Jupiter. In this planet, of spiritual, mental, physical food, they scarce can boast a crumb. But the lungs must breathe, and the belly must receive, and the back must wear what looks like something if only the ghost of a rag, and the bobby must frown, and the pal must curse, and the open pocket must tempt, and the boy must be lost. The optimist shrugs his shoulders. It must be so. Yes, it must be so; and the optimist puts out his plate for the leg of a pheasant, for it must be so. And that's all he's got to say and to do all his life. Some brain starves. Some stolidity fattens. Make no mistake, however, Master Communist—don't confuse the particular with the universal. Revolution for everybody is an illogical cure for the grievances of some. Nevertheless, human nature is valuable raw material as well as cotton.

Now, why do not Dives and Company, instead of toasting Lazarus help him? So ask a piercing chorus of ladies and gentlemen, blessed with more benevolence than funds. In goes their mite. Now let Dives give his million. The answer is as clear as noon. If the world worshipped charity as heartily as it recommends it, charity would be a drug. Philanthropists would be as plentiful as plutocrats. What is esteemed will be done. Where approval is leader, action is mob. The Homeric warrior, the Roman citizen, the mediæval saint, are types called into being by the specific preference of the age. What made the sacred phalanx of Thebes heroic?—Opinion! What made the practice of the palmy days of the Roman Republic and of the French, English, and Dutch Revolutions?—Opinion! What made the martyrs?—Opinion! Fête, lionise, canonise working philanthropists. Let 'dash' mean thumping coins into worthy palms. Let 'go' mean Tom giving his shirt to Bell. Let 'roaring young blades' mean gluttons of benevolence, drunkards of kindness, brilliant debauchees in the lovely luxury of charity. Let 'the swell thing' be not to sport stud horses, carriages, estates in endless profusion, but a brilliant, eager love.



## SHE BEING DEAD.

BY COMPTON READE.

THE following is the statement of May Nutt, lately domestic servant in the employ of Mrs. Dentry, of Cleve Manor Houses, No. 2, Cleve, Thameshire. It was drawn up at the request of the late George Wainwright, Esq., and was found in his breast pocket, after the battle of Bull's Run, where he fell a volunteer in the Southern cause:—

You have asked me, Mr. George, to write the whole sad tale from end to end; and so will I do to the best of my ability, who am but a poor scholar, though I did receive the best of instruction from the writing-master that was had in years back to learn my darling Miss Florence; and likewise, having been treated from girlhood more like a friend than a servant, am able, perhaps, to enter more fully into the feelings of those who always gave me their confidence.

You enquire how it came to pass that I, May Nutt, daughter of the Cleve blacksmith grew to be so intimate with my betters? Well, Mr. George, now that the whole game's played out, and you are just about to leave your native land, as one may say, for ever, and they are all under the churchyard sod except one, who ought to be by rights, and should be if I had my way, and I am left to live out the rest of my days as best I can, I'll out with the whole truth. You take my word for it, people in this world never get to be loved, except they begin by loving, and people who ain't loved, ain't usually trusted. That was the case with me, I began by loving, I ended by being loved; yes, very warmly, and trusted as you'd trust your Bible, or your Sacrament.

When old Squire Cleve, of Cleve Manor, died, without a will, and his two nieces came into the Cleve Estate as next heirs, their respective husbands couldn't agree about the division of the property, so it was sold to Mr. Dodd, the builder. Well, somehow Cleve Manor-house wouldn't let. People said it was too close to the road on one side, to the river on the other. Mr. Dodd, I suppose, found he'd got a bad bargain; at all events, he felt that something must be done with

the house, and that if so be as no grandee would take it, mayhap it might suit some people who hadn't got quite such extra-fine notions. So he cuts the house in two, and a difficult job it was, and badly done. You see the big dining-room, and big drawing-room, and best bedroom, all were situate in the centre of Cleve House. Well, he runs a thin partition right through each of those rooms, battening I think he called it, and then he divided the garden and sweep, and everything by a fence, and, in short, turned the old house into Cleve Manor houses, Nos. 1 and 2. Then he advertised both to be let.

They let on the same day. Mr. Macarthy took No. 1 and Mrs. Dentry No. 2. You don't remember Mr. Macarthy? He was the handsomest man my eyes ever beheld, with just the same beautiful smile that Miss Florence had, and teeth like pearls, and the darkest blue eyes. There's no use for me, Mr. George, to tell the half of the truth. I loved him with all the love of girlhood, and I've never loved a man since. He was a bachelor in those days, and he used to come down to the forge, for he was very fond of father, and one day he fell in with me, and he did but give one or two looks with those eyes, and just one kiss—it was only fun, he had a free way with him being an Irishman—and my heart was gone. But I wasn't fit for him; no, neither by looks nor learning, nor fortune. I knew that, and I wasn't jealous, though I did have a good cry when he brought home to Manor Houses a wife, who, I learnt afterwards, to be worthy of any man's love, even of his. Time went on, and Miss Florence was born, and after a bit they wanted a nurse. I could have got many a better situation, to say nothing of Wilder, the grocer, having offered me marriage, but I chose to go and tend his child. Mrs. Macarthy soon found out that I was doing my duty by the little one, more as a mother than a hireling. She discovered later on even more—that I was spending a good slice of my wages on Miss Florence; and, though she never so much as guessed the reason why I loved the child so dearly, she did not fail to appreciate my devotion, as she called it. Then came Mr. Macarthy's sudden illness—gastric fever—and his early death. I nursed him to the very last. I almost killed myself with over exertion, and I did think, after all was over, that I should have died of grief. But I was spared, and as Miss Florence began to grow up the image of him, whom I had loved, can you wonder that I loved her so heartily?

Now I have observed that most young ladies about seventeen form violent friendships with each other. In this respect, Miss Florence differed from all others. When she was nearly eighteen, she had no friend that you could call friend. Miss Dentry, next door, who was at least twenty-two, pretended to be very fond of her. But there, you Mr. George, know Ellen Dentry only too well. Then your sister,



Miss Fanny Wainwright, at the vicarage, used to get on with her; that was about all—they were not friends. And there was Miss Lavinia Archball, the great heiress, at 'The Cedars'; well, I think she was too patronising. Indeed, of all Ellen Dentry was most in favour with Miss Florence, because she was most attentiv, and would demean herself like to ask favours, and when she got them, pretend to be ever so grateful; a bad lot is she if ever I came across one, and I hope she'll get her due somewhere or other, this, or t'other side of the grave. Thus, sir, Iv'e got almost as far in my story as the time when you came from college, and all the girls' heads were turned round by your good looks. You were away a smart bit at your learning, and travelling, and all that, and Mr. Wainwright, he only got the living given him just about the time that Miss Florence grew into a young woman, so you don't remember her as a bud; you only saw her as a blossom. She was very lovely as both. Often I thought her too beautiful, too different like for the world—as indeed, alas! it proved.

I must not forget to mention her affection for her great retriever dog Carl. I do not think, sir, that even you could guage this. To form an idea of how deep it was, you must comprehend how comparatively lonely her young life had been, spent as it was almost wholly in the society of her mother, who was as matter-of-fact as she was romantic, and me, who at best, am but a superior servant. She would tell me that her books, her music, and her dog were all the companions she asked; but I felt that all three tended to foster in her a peculiar state of mind, anything but favourable to her real happiness. As regards the dog, she had brought him up by hand from a pup, and he had pulled her out of the river one day when she had an accident with the boat. She always said that he saved her life; perhaps he did. Anyhow she got to be very fond of him afterwards. Much as her mamma disliked it she would have this big animal in the house, indeed, he slept at the foot of her bed. The dog was a good dog, and well behaved; but she was too fond of him according to my notions.

Well, Mr. George, I've little doubt, but that when you came home from your travels to fulfil your engagement to Miss Archball, and happened to meet my beautiful young mistress, you made the mistake of thinking that she was like every other young lady in respect of common sense, and worldly wisdom, and all that. If only some kind friend could have told you what she was, you might have left her to herself, and it would have been best for you both. For you at all events; for having pledged your troth to one young lady, you ought not to have flung her over for another, however beautiful that other might be.

Forgive my freedom, sir, if I allude to one other topic. I have heard since, that years back, when she was quite a girl, you secured the affections of Ellen Dentry. As her mother would never have consented to her marrying a man like yourself, of no fortune, you could not propose marriage: so after a bit you broke off your correspondence with her, as you said, for her good. The sequel will prove to you the folly and wickedness of a young man, blessed with a handsome face, and bright manners, trifling with a girl's affections. She never was a good girl; you made of her a demon, and as it turned out, the weapon of revenge dropped into her hands, how you must now be fully aware. As I sit and reflect on the past, and see how circumstances dove-tail, I am not surprised, that when you first saw together, on Mrs. Dentry's lawn, Miss Lavinia and Miss Florence, you should have given the preference to my darling mistress. I believe that any man would have thought himself fortunate to have secured her smile. Whereas Miss Archball, for all her large fortune, seemed to me as common-place as a kitchen-maid. And yet she was not so bad looking either; but it is not altogether looks that makes beauty: its manner, and nice ways, and a sort of delicacy that none, except real ladies possess, and, as I've heard on the best authority, Miss Lavinia, though an heiress, wasn't that by birth at all events.

I've heard tell, sir, that when you jilted Miss Lavinia, your father was in a terrible state. It is no news to you that Mr. Wainwright was heavy in debt, nor that he looked to Miss Archball's fortune to help him over the stile, as the saying goes. The wonder to me is, that you made so very sure of the new love, before you were fairly off with the old. Right, however, you were, in your calculation. For Miss Florence, she flung her white arms round my neck, just after she had said her prayers—it was that night when you helped her to moor her boat to the willow tree, at the bottom of our garden—and she whispers ever so softly—

'May, dear, I've got a new sensation.'

'What's that, child?' asks I.

'I don't know,' and she falls to a laughing.

'I can guess, I think,' says I, a trifle solemnly perchance.

'Then I'd rather you didn't. Good night.' And with that she pops into bed, and I was just marching off rather vexed like, when she cries after me, 'May, come back!' Back I came: then she blushes a little, and hides her pretty face in the bed-clothes.

'Well?' says I.

'Do you think he is nice?' she asks quite suddenly, with amazing innocence too.

It was my turn to be sly now. 'Who's he?' I observed drily.



‘Why, George Wainwright, to be sure.’

I forget what I said more, or how the talk went on, but I do remember this much, that comparing her feelings with mine twenty years back for her own father, I could but own a most remarkable resemblance. I know I was under an hallucination. I am pretty certain Miss Florence was as bad, or even worse, for she was much more wilful.

I think it was about a week after that—you had been more than once to our house, and by certain unmistakeable symptoms I had quite satisfied my mind as to how the land lay, when I chanced to overhear her talking to her dog. She had a way of talking to him; very odd it was, and very unlike a reasonable being I used to think, not being much given to romance myself.

‘Carl!’ she cries, ever so loud, as if she was very excited. ‘Indeed, indeed, I do love you, Carl, better even than I do him; and you *would* like to have a master, Carl, and he will be so kind to you, because you saved my poor life, and we’ll all be happy together, Carl; and you won’t think me unfaithful to you, my best and first love, will you, dear?’

She was crying, I am certain, but I did not dare step in to see. In fact, I never could listen with patience to these speeches to a dumb animal, who could not understand a syllable she was saying.

That same evening she told me that you had asked her, and she had said, ‘Yes.’

On the morrow, the news having spread, and Mrs. Macarthy being uncommon pleasant, having written at least twenty letters on the subject, down comes Miss Ellen Dentry upon us. To see her kiss and fondle my darling girl like she-Judas as she is, and beg to be bridesmaid, and make such a mighty fuss—I was almost disgusted at the time, and I cannot bear to think of it now. Miss Florence was taken in by her slyness. She told me that Ellen Dentry was really quite a nice, unsophisticated, unselfish girl, and a very good friend of hers. Somehow, when not with you, Mr. George, she was always next door, or else Miss Ellen was in our house, whispering and chattering nineteen to the dozen, till Mrs. Macarthy, who was sickening by degrees for her last great change, remarked to me that it was a positive nuisance.

And so it was.

‘You were a good lover, Mr. George, very gentle, and smiling, and attentive, and all that. I favoured your suit right heartily, though you had played Miss Archball false. I can tell you, however, a secret, and that is that you very nearly lost her at the last moment.

You may not remember the circumstance, but one night, about twilight, before the candles came in, you and Miss Florence had been alone in the library, and as you came out, it being dark, you stepped heavily on Carl, who yelled out with pain. Now you ought to have said you were sorry, but you only laughed and ran on into the drawing-room. I was in the hall, and saw my young lady's face change to a look of cruel distress and anger as she knelt down and kissed the dog's hurt foot. You did not know her sir: not you. I may say you did not appreciate half her strange ways of thinking. You were as ignorant of the mind of Florence Macarthy as a stranger, or you would have felt uncomfortable that she was absent from the drawing-room one whole hour. Perchance too you might have perceived, when she did return, that her eyes were strangely red. She had been crying, sir, convulsively, and you may thank May Nutt for having whispered to her that she should not be ready to take offence when none was meant. It was I who saved a quarrel. You may ask, why did she not reproach you with a disregard for her feelings? I answer, she dared not trust herself to broach the subject. So much more attached was she to that animal than was consistent with common-sense, that she was wont to be very silent about him to all the world except to me and her mamma. She did begin to prattle to you about Carl, but I'm afraid, from a hint she dropt, that you did not respond to her warm notions of affection for him. She would have dearly liked to take him on her wedding tour, and, indeed, was sorely perplexed about leaving him behind. However, I comforted her by promising faithfully to send a daily account of his health.

'But,' she said, 'poor dear, he will fret himself to death.'

I thought not: but I will own that it was an odd circumstance that the dog did refuse his food for two days, till Tim the stable-boy cheered him up with a chase after a bagged rabbit, after which he recovered rapidly.

Ah, Mr. George, when I think on that wedding-day, I could sob my old heart out. My darling looked so radiant that I could have fallen down and worshipped her. I was proud of you too: you looked a bridegroom well worthy of such a bride. Miss Florence never shed a tear at wishing her mamma or me goodbye. I asked her if she was quite happy—I mean after the ceremony was over, and she had come upstairs to change her dress—and she gave me no answer at first. Then she whispered in a funny way, 'I am his now. I know I love him, do you think he loves me?' What put this idea into her brain at such a moment I cannot guess, but it seemed almost to weigh upon her; so much so that she was going away without wishing Carl good-



bye. I had got him quietly locked up in the store-room for fear of a scene.

She was halfway downstairs, and I could hear the horses impatiently beating the stones outside, and your voice calling to her, when she recollected the dog, and turned back. I was vexed at my manoeuvre having failed, but I ran and brought him to her up the back stairs. At the sight of him she turned pale, and I thought she would faint. It was a great struggle for her, that parting with Carl; I think she must have had a good five minutes of hysterical sobbing, without a tear in her eye, ere ever I could induce her to leave him, and she came to you at the hall door, I well remember, quite a contrast to the lovely bride of three hours ago, haggard, black under the eyes, and with a strange, wild look, as of fright at some nameless fear.

In a trice, for good or for bad, you two were gone, and I saw her no more for three long months.

You were summoned home by my telegram, announcing the dangerous condition of poor Mrs. Macarthy. You arrived to find that she had breathed her last. I watched your tender care for your young wife under these trying circumstances. To do you nothing short of ample justice, Mr. George, it was everything that could be desired. You seemed to participate in her great grief, whilst I am sure you did all in your power to assuage it. Up to this moment, as far as I can form a judgment, there could have been no foundation for such a thing as a suspicion that you did not love your wife. On the contrary appearance went to prove that you had given her more than the ordinary affection a man bestows on a woman. You were certainly as much lover as husband.

Then followed those interviews with Mr. Greenway, the Cleve lawyer, and you learnt that you had not married, as you imagined, a lady of even moderate fortune. Poor Mrs. Macarthy had been living for some years on her capital. There remained only the lease of Manor Houses, No. 1, ready for occupation, and a small sum of money invested, the interest on which would be sufficient for a married couple to live upon with strict economy. You had been educated for the Church, but I was told that you didn't like the thought of that profession, and no wonder, for you were too gay and high-spirited for a parson. So it came to pass that you settled down in your wife's old home without any very definite plans for the future.

I confess, sir, that I could hardly believe my ears when Miss Florence, that is, I beg pardon, Mrs. Wainwright, came and told me that she had asked Mrs. Dentry to give me the place of her Ann, who was leaving on account of ill-health. I felt that knocked down—how-

ever, I won't speak of myself. The misfortune really was hers, poor child, not mine.

'Havn't I loved you, and nursed you, and been a mother to you?' I says, or rather sobs, for my heart was fit to break.

'It isn't me, dear May,' she answers ever so soothingly, 'Indeed, indeed, it isn't me; it's him, he says so.'

'I'll ask him the reason why,' I cries indignantly.

'No, no, no!' she begs of me, laying her little white hand on my arm, 'You wouldn't like to make ill-blood between me and my husband, would you, May?'

Sir, I was silenced, but not convinced. I took to hating and suspecting of you from that very moment. I would have slaved for you both without wage, without so much as food, if you would but have kept me on. As it was you got into your house the veriest slut of a maid-of-all-work, who made you both uncomfortable, besides robbing you right and left.

'Never mind, dear May,' says my darling, 'You won't be so far off; only next door, you know, and I shall see you every day, and perhaps some day George may alter his mind, and I may have you back again.'

'Never, child,' I replies, 'Never as long as my name's May Nutt will I serve a gentleman who has turned me out of doors without provocation. I couldn't have believed it of him. No: not if you had sworn it on the Gospel, I couldn't.'

She never answered, but she laughed in a strange, quiet way. I didn't like her laughing. It seemed so odd. However, I said nothing, and I went next door, and a fine change in my life it was, I promise you.

Mrs. Dentry was a strange, silent sort of body; so likewise was her daughter Ellen. The old lady was always a muttering about her nerves. If so much as the table creaked, or a poker rattled in the fender, she was in a fantigue. Every one in the house whispered, and as for a laugh—— There! it was the dreariest habitation, sir, my feet ever entered; an undertaker's life couldn't be much worse than mine was while I was there.

When Mr. Dodd cut the old house in two, he divided it as fairly as he could. The drawing-room made into two exact halves, but the best bed-room overhead didn't divide so even. Number 1 got two-thirds of the room, Number 2 the other third. Thus it happened, sir, that while one portion of this room was fit for gentle-folks, the detached part was always used in the other house as a servant's room, and was thus assigned to me. Hence, unwillingly, I overheard all you said after you went up-stairs, for the battening was



so thin that every word spoken above a whisper came through quite plain.

Maybe you might have found out how much you were talking in public, if it hadn't been for the unnatural quietness of those Dentrys.

But then, bless you, they heard every syllable you two used to say in the drawing-room, the cats——, and made good use of what they did hear, too. I'll prove what I assert. She, Miss Florence that was, used to call you 'Bee-bee.' I don't know what could have induced her to give you such an out of the way name, but they do say that young married women are apt to be silly. Too much happiness, I suppose, turns their poor soft young heads. Now these two creatures in Number two was always making sly remarks about this word 'Bee-bee.' They didn't laugh over it exactly, I'd a forgiven that, but they seemed to sneer like, especially when, my dear, owing to your absence at Oxford about degrees, or something I don't rightly understand what, used to be a goodish bit in Number 2. Now, strange to say, I could not bear to find my young mistress, and Miss Ellen Dentry, getting so marvellous confidential. It somehow seemed to bode no good. There was a nasty snaky look about that girl Dentry's eyes; besides, I'd heard before that she owed you a grudge, and, thinks I, now's her opportunity to do him a bad turn.

It's wonderful, sir, in this wicked world, how often suspicions come true. Indeed, my belief is, that if you suspect a person of your own accord, without any suggestion from any one else, you are pretty sure to be right. I think it is because nobody is disposed to suspect, and there must, therefore, be some little causes for suspicion which slip into your mind without your hardly knowing of them. That I was right in my estimate of Ellen Dentry, I now know. I only wish that I had not been so blinded by my anger at losing my place with you as to have been taken off my guard.

If Miss Florence had contrived during her honeymoon to exist without Carl, she certainly made up for her temporary neglect of her favourite by a double measure of affection after she came home, indeed, the sight of him seemed almost to make up for the loss of her poor mother. I won't be positive, but I've a shrewd notion that you, sir, were not so very fond of the old dog. You didn't seem quite to realise your wife's great love for him, nor that in her own mind she expected you, out of love for her, to honour him with a similar amount of affection. Ellen Dentry, however, was sharp enough to discover this soft corner of my young lady's brain, and a deal of mischief she made out of it. Every morning, as soon as she caught sight of my child's bright face, 'How's Carl?' was the first word that escaped her

lips. And then, she was sure to have some bones for Carl, or bits of gravy-beef or biscuits, all of which attentions were most acceptable of course. Whilst, as for you, I remember overhearing a fragment of conversation, which, at the time, made me think you very hard-hearted, not to humour your strange little wife in her curious fancies.

'Beebee,' she said, 'before I was married I used to have Carl to sleep in my bedroom.'

You answered something about dogs being smelly.

'No: but, Beebee, she continued, 'I should so like Carl to sleep up here as he used to.'

'Very well,' you answered, 'all right; and I'll go and occupy Carl's bed in the stable.'

'How unkind you are!' I heard her say. 'You might, at least, let him sleep in the house.'

Whereunto you answered that she made much too much fuss about the dog; it was really quite silly of her, and she ought have more sense. Whereupon, unless my old ears deceived me, there followed a flood of tears; at any rate I heard you apologise, and declare that the dog might sleep just wherever she thought fit, that you had no desire to be unkind, and—which amazed me most, for I had seen you from over the garden-wall kick Carl till he howled again—that you were really very fond of the dog, and wanted to make a friend of him. Ah, sir, what a wonderful value have little things in this little world of ours. The very least of them may, for all we can tell, turn out of the gravest importance.

On the following morning there was more kissing and talking than usual between my dear and Miss Ellen, and I heard the latter say, as I took some coals into the drawing-room, 'Well, it would only serve him right.' Evidently some kind of punishment was being concocted for you; nor did I feel very sorry, for I was disposed to regard you in an unfavourable light, both from my own personal grudge, and because I began to have an inkling that my darling girl was not so happy as she had expected to be.

Now that it is too late I confess my error freely enough. I own that your sole fault was an inability to appreciate all the eccentricities of the strange being whom you had taken to your bosom. Had I only had then the worldly wisdom I have now, I would have gone to you and warned you that you were stabbing where you never so much as meant to graze; that, by degrees, you were being misunderstood, and—thanks to the devilish malice, I can call it nothing else—of Ellen Dentry, misjudged.

What was the nature of *that* scheme proposed by Ellen Dentry I



cannot guess, nor do I think it fair to form an opinion from what subsequently happened. At all events a clear month had elapsed, and during that month much of the private conversation to which I entertained so strong an objection, had ceased, before matters came to a crisis. During that month you yourself began to remark a growing melancholy in our dear one. A sort of gloom seemed to oppress her, as if she was possessed with what I have heard people call a presentiment of coming misfortune. Not to mince matters, she was unhappy without anything real to be unhappy about, and that is as unwholesome a condition of mind as any young woman can fall into.

'I suppose you well remember,—you have cause enough, Heaven knows,—that lovely July morning when you and my darling went out for a day on the river. I saw you start. She was looking beautiful indeed, though a little pale. Carl plunged in after the boat as you pulled away, not being able to keep pace with you, swam to the farther bank and ran along the towing path barking to let you know where he was. When you returned, it was still warm and summery, but the stars were out, and I thought to myself as I saw you land that you had had an over-long day for some one. You did not realize how delicate she was, how easily tired. Well I happened to be sent into the garden to get some radishes, our garden at No. 2 was all vegetables just as yours at No. 1 was all flower beds and croquet ground, and it was in this way that I heard your conversation as you walked up and down the gravel path by the fence whilst your suppers were being got ready.

'Beebee darling,' she said,—I think I hear her voice now,—'Would you be very sorry if I were to die?' I could not hear your answer. 'Yes,' she continued, 'you would miss me at first. That of course. But afterwards, after the shock was over, you would marry again Beebee, and I'll tell you who she would be.'

Then I heard you protest solemnly that you could never be unfaithful to her memory, that your life would be broken, that you could only think of joining her in the far-off country where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

But she did not appear to pay much attention to your protestations. After a pause she spoke again, this time so low that I had to strain to catch each word.

'Beebee,' she said, 'when I am gone you will be kind to my dear Carl. For my sake, Beebee, you will; won't you?' She was very, very earnest now.

'Come, come,' I heard you say cheerily, 'my pet mustn't dispose of herself in such a hurry; you are young to talk so dismally about

dying, Flo!'—or something like that. But still she would not be pacified.

'No, no,' she answered, 'I am not too young to die, and, Beebee, I often think that I shall not live long. That is why I ask you to be kind to Carl. For, if I were to come back, in spirit you know, and see that you had forgotten my dog, my dear dog, my best of friends, I should know that you had never loved me, Beebee.'

'My dear child,' you said, 'you make me shudder.'

'How foolish!' she replied. 'What is there to be frightened at! I like to think of that change, and to talk of it—sometimes. But you mustn't put me in a coffin, Beebee: you must lay me in the earth just as I am, and plant violets in the spring, and roses and lilies in the summer, so that I may change by degrees into the flowers I love best. You will do so, even if—if you do marry again, Beebee?'

'Let us go indoors: it is getting cold,' was all your answer. I think you felt uncomfortable. I did.

On the following morning there came a telegram from your father who was in London on business. He desired your presence, in order to sign some legal documents. I remember that you left by the first train after breakfast in the morning, and straightway into our house walks my darling, and up to Miss Ellen's room.

Well, about noon, our butter not having come, I started off to the dairy, three miles away, to fetch it. Being an uphill walk and the day broiling hot I took my time, and so did not get back until nearly two o'clock. Miss Ellen, to my surprise, opened the door for me. 'Cook,' she said, 'had gone over to Lidborough to shop for her, and would be home shortly.' Now, there was a sort of confusion about Ellen Dentry as she said this, which I remember at the time struck me as very odd indeed. She was very pale too, and didn't seem to like to look me in the face. I went down-stairs to my dinner, however, and remained there, cook not having returned from Lidborough, till the bell rang for tea at five. Just as I was taking it up, I heard a fly drive into the sweep in front of the other house, and within a minute or so there was a ring at our door-bell. When I opened it you were standing on the steps.

'Mrs. Wainwright here?' you asked.

'No, sir,' I said, and you turned away with a jerk.

Almost directly after this, I heard your voice in the garden crying "Flo! Flo!" and then a strange sort of altercation ensued between yourself and the wretched girl who had supplanted me. My curiosity was excited, and I slipped out in the garden to listen. You caught sight of me over the fence.

'Mrs. Wainwright is missing,' you said uneasily.



'Perhaps she is down by the water's edge,' I suggested. It was a favourite spot of her's in hot weather.

You answered, 'No, she is not there:' but you walked down to the boat-house, as if you were not satisfied.

Soon I heard you cry aloud for help, and I ran as quick as I could, and scrambling over the fence stood beside you in your garden by the side of the river.

Then, sir, it was my turn to scream, for there floating on the treacherous waters was her shawl, and a little lower down her hat, and on the bank there were marks as if she had struggled to free herself, and had failed.

'She must be in the river!'

These awful words burst from both our lips at once. You, man-like, instead of standing still to weep, set to work with the boat and the boat-hook to try the bottom of the river, at the same time despatching me for assistance and the drags.

The news spread like wildfire. Soon all Cleve was down by the river's banks, whilst men in boats roused by your loud spoken offers of reward were dragging the water from side to side. No Florence could be found. That she had died by her own act most people feared. The moon rose on a mass of poor bewildered faces. You were still plying the punt pole, and urging on the men, who were nigh disheartened, whilst up and down the bank ran poor Carl, moaning piteously. At last you gave it up, and as you landed from your boat the dog approached you, as if to ask, what had become of his mistress. You stumbled over him by accident, and, from some sort of impulse, I suppose, you gave him a heavy kick, which made him yelp with pain. Ah, sir, Carl was her dog. You should not have done that!

That night I did not sleep a wink. The whole world seemed peopled with ghosts. I could have sworn that I heard noises in the house, though cook did declare that it was naught but the rats in the lumber-room overhead. Well, in the morning I was too ill to work, and Mrs. Dentry gave me leave to go to my brother's for a change, until I should get over my grief a bit.

How deeply I felt for you, sir! How freely I forgave you all the wrong which I supposed you had done me. Folks came and told me that you were searching high and low for the body. One day you passed our door hap-hazard like, and your face told me plain enough the misery you were in. You left shortly afterwards for London, and then I got a message from Mrs. Dentry, asking if it would be convenient for me to return to my duties in her house.

Now I didn't feel equal to service, sir. In my own humble way I mourned the loss of my dear one as much as you did, and it told upon me. So I called upon Mrs. Dentry to ask if she could spare me a little longer. She was upstairs a-bed ill, cook said, and Miss Ellen was out. As I went up to the old lady's room, I just stepped into the drawing-room to see how it looked, and there on the writing-table lay an unfinished letter.

It was from Miss Ellen. I'd no business to read it, but I did, and I'm glad of it now, very glad, the wicked designing puss. It was to Miss Archball, and spoke slightly of our own dear as George Wainwright's 'mad wife.' She went so far, indeed, as to say that you, sir, had been well cured of your folly, and hinted that now you were free, you would come back to her a wiser man. Could any human being have cherished a viler notion? You must remember, sir, that it was this same Miss Archball whose attentions deprived Ellen Dentry of you, so she *owed* her a turn, and this was her way of paying it.

Mrs. Dentry begged me so hard to come and nurse her, that I consented, for the poor woman was indeed very ill, and her fine madam of a daughter, gave her little or no attention. At first, however, I only came in for a few hours each day, returning to my brother's to sleep. After a bit, however, finding that hard work took my thoughts away from myself, I came back altogether, and occupied the spare bed in the old lady's room.

Still no discovery could be made of your poor lady's corpse. Some people said that she lay under the mill-wheel, others that she had floated down to Lidborough Bridge and got entangled in the piles. I asked Miss Ellen what she thought about the matter, and she gave a cunning sort of grin, and answered that she didn't think at all. I believe it was about six weeks after the disappearance of your dear wife that you came back from London, and, as I looked out of our staircase window, I saw you and your father walking in the garden. You seemed to be talking very earnest, and fancying I should like to hear what you said, I crept out into the garden by the tool house. 'I tell you,' said the vicar ever so sternly, 'that unless you marry this girl Archball I am ruined. Come, boy, you've had your love affair, and a foolish one it was. Now that you're cured of that nonsense, it's about time you thought of doing something for yourself and your family. I have pinched to give you a college education—I have done worse, I've run into debt. What do you say? Won't you save your old father and your sick mother from disgrace and poverty?' You were silent. Then he went on:—

'It's the last chance!' and broke off sudden.



'I'll do it,' you answered, and you turned away as one in a passion of grief more than of wrath.

Stunned by these words, I was about to go indoors when I was startled by hearing Carl howl. Mr. George, Mr. George, you didn't treat that poor beast well—no, that you didn't; and I'd say the same if I hadn't another moment to live. Suddenly, as I was mooning there and wiping my eye, a loud sob, and then a cry as of a person in hysterics, struck on my ears. Thinks I 'It's the old lady;' and I runs up to her room. But, no! there she lay, quiet as a mouse. Evidently I was under some kind of delusion, for I still heard sobs and the sound as of footsteps overhead.

That afternoon Miss Archball called on Miss Ellen, and, from the amount of whispering that went on, I've no doubt but that she came to tell of her triumph. Thank God, however, the triumph of the wicked is short, and a poor thing at best.

Now, Miss Ellen, I must say, seemed very fidgetty in Miss Archball's company, and as soon as she was gone I had orders to say that she was 'not at home' to everyone, whilst, to my great surprise, she told cook that she might go to Lidborough fair, and sleep at her relative's house in Lidborough that night. Cook quickly enough made herself scarce, being fond of pleasure. The door shut on her, Miss Ellen says to me, ever so coolly—she was in the kitchen at the time, messing as usual—'May, take this glass of wine up to the lumber-room, you will find someone there who wants it.'

Lord! how I trembled. 'Who Miss?' I contrived to get out with a deal of trouble.

'Do what you're told, and then come back to me.'

I think if I live to be a thousand I shall never experience such sensations again as I felt throughout that *journey* upstairs—for journey it was—with my heart leaping in my throat like a bird, and my legs bending under me. To reach the lumber-room I had to mount a ladder, undo a padlock, and crawl through a trap-door. As I turned the key, the trap was opened by someone inside, and that someone was—Florence Wainwright! my Florence! But such a Florence! Aged—so slim that her bones wellnigh rattled in her skin; all her pretty looks gone and her mind poisoned—yes! poisoned, sir! as much as ever anybody's mind was poisoned since the serpent entered Paradise. She had *seen* you, sir, twice strike the dog. She had been told also by that fiend that you were going to marry Miss Archball out of hand, and her heart was broken. She had tried you and you had been found wanting.

Well, I made up my mind how to act in a trice.

The error I committed was in telling her plainly that I should

inform you *at once* of her safety, whether you forgave her her deception or not, for she flung her arms round me so lovingly, and coaxed me so sweetly that at last she broke down my resolve.

'Not to-day, not to-day, I beg of you, dear May,' she cried. 'To-morrow he will be here, Ellen told me so, and then—you must let me make my own confession, in my own way.'

What could I answer? Fool that I was, I listened to her. I never saw the madness in her eyes, the despair in her face.

Before I could utter the warning on my lips against Ellen Dentry I was called away, and when I came back I found the ladder removed, the padlock fast.

To-morrow! How I tossed about that night, and thought that to-morrow might never come, or come too late.

To-morrow! That was to be the hour of Ellen Dentry's revenge. She would restore a mad wife to you, and at the same moment break the heart of her hated rival, Miss Archball. I see it all now. She had the cunning of Satan in her, that grey-eyed girl.

Well, the sun rose, and I slept heavily, as I have said, for I had lain awake all night. Indeed, Miss Dentry herself called me. Breakfast ready, I requested to be allowed to take some to my darling in her prison, but this request was denied. Ellen Dentry evidently did not relish the idea of a second interview taking place between us. It might spoil her plans. I believe she only sent me upstairs to her on the night previous because that from her wild talk she feared she might commit suicide, and she imagined that the voice of her oldest friend might sober her over-wrought brain, for the time being, at all events.

Now, your house was empty just then, except for Carl, and Mrs. Dentry had taken charge of the keys for you, sir, and had assumed the care of the dog. I had kept my eye on him, too, and never did I forget to give him his feed twice a day. On this very morning I had taken him his biscuit, and he had eaten ravenously. What was my surprise, therefore, about noon, to hear the old dog, bark and yell, and seem quite transported for joy. I reflected for a moment—then, putting two and two together, I came to the conclusion that—

*She was out of prison.*

So she was, and in her old home again, with the creature she loved so well.

It might have been one o'clock, when two carriages drove up to the Dentry's door. The first contained Captain and Miss Archball; the second you and your father. As far as you were concerned the meeting was accidental; but as I have since learnt, it was planned between the Captain, your father, and Ellen Dentry.



How Miss Archball blushed as I opened the door; how wan and broken you, sir, looked; how merry was Miss Ellen. She would not, however, at that moment have been so mirthful, if she had known, that her mother was dying fast up-stairs, having burst a blood-vessel. Soon after I had closed the door of the drawing-room, I heard them all troop out on to the lawn.

Guessing Miss Ellen's game, namely, that she was about to produce the real wife to the discomfiture of every one, I walked into the drawing-room to watch the scene, which developed only too quickly.

You, sir, were talking to Miss Archball; and the others seemed to hang back, in order to let you two come together, when suddenly there issued forth from your own house—your own house, some one dressed in white, leading Carl by a chain. I saw her, and clasped my hands with fear. Quickly she hurried down the gravel walk. Oh! why, did you not see her? There was but a hazel fence between you, and yet you could not see, you could not even hear her footfalls you were so engrossed with your heiress. On walked my darling—on, on, on, stopping every now and then to pick up something from the ground, which she seemed to pocket. But, what! what! I stood stock-still, dazed with fright and horror. Was she filling her pockets with stones? Was she mad—was she?—I held my breath as the bare thought flashed across my brain. Fascinated, my eyes followed her as the needle follows the magnet. Ere ever you and Miss Archball, followed by the rest, reached the river's bank, she had sprung into the little boat, unmoored it, and, Carl beside her, had pushed off into the centre of the river. All at once, the clank of his chain seemed to arouse your attention, and you looked about you nervously. But there was nothing to be seen.

Alas; the willow branch hid her from you. But only for a second. Then she came full upon your sight—silent, white, and awful. One wave of a small lean hand to you. Oh, sir, the tears do blind me as I write. And then gripping the dog's chain she plunged forward, and both went down without a struggle, without hardly a sound."

I heard you cry, 'the dog will save her!'

I saw you fling your coat off and swim towards her. I heard heart-rending screams fill the air; all was of no avail. She had made up her poor mind to die, and she died, she and her dog together.

That is the whole tale, Mr. George. I can write it even now, better than speak it. If only you had learnt her strange ways; if only neither of you ever met that fiend, Ellen Dentry; if only I hadn't been turned out of your house, who was the truest of your advisers; if only—but, then, there, I've no heart for reproaches.

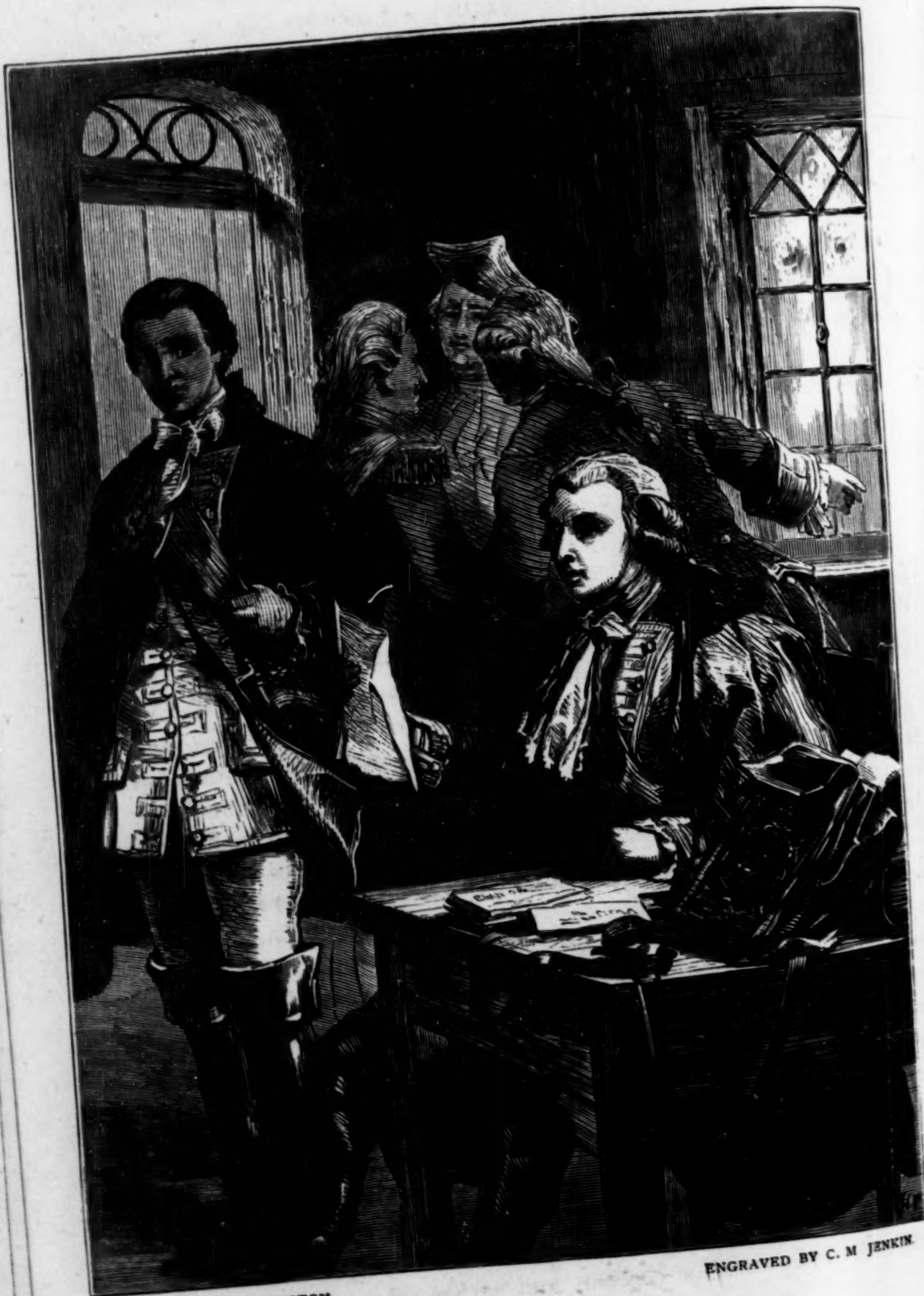
You're going far away, where, maybe, you won't have a friend of your own to open your mind to; nor, maybe, a hand to hold your's when the dews of death lay on your brow, and the shadow of the dark valley rests upon your soul—and such is no time for raking up old grudges. So God bless you, Mr. George! is the true prayer and saying of your

Humble and obedient servant,

MAY NUTT.







DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'GUSTAVUS III.'